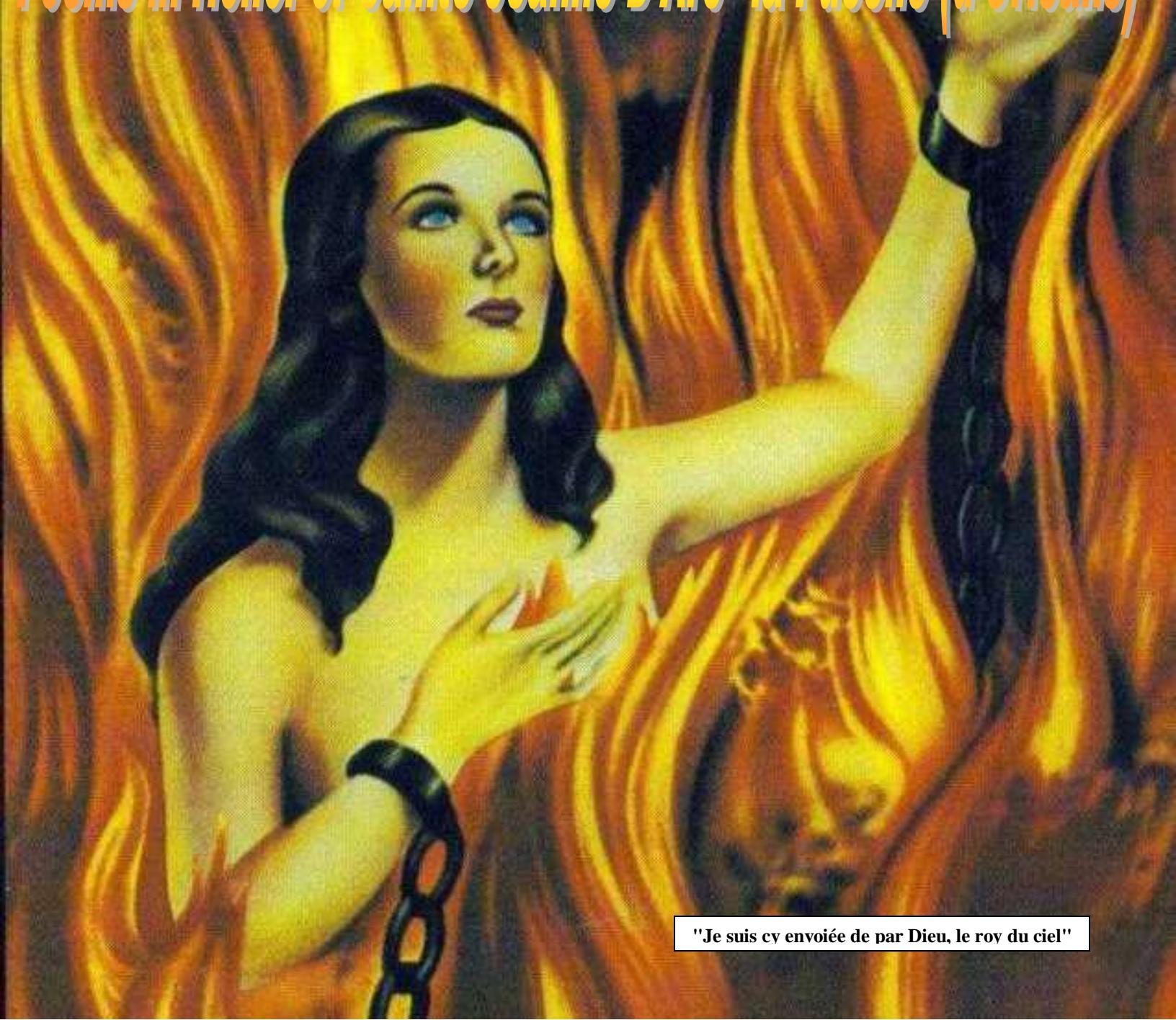




# Poems in Honor of Sainte-Jeanne D'Arc "la Pucelle (d'Orléans)"



"Je suis cy envoiée de par Dieu, le roy du ciel"

*“Ste-Jehanne d’Arc, by your powerful intercession, hear and answer me.”*

Pater Nostra, qui es in caelis:  
Sanctificetur Nomen Tuum;

Adveniat Regnum Tuum fiat voluntas Tua, sicut in caelo, et in terra.  
Panem nostrum cotidianum da nobis hodie; et dimitte nobis debita nostra,  
Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris; et ne nos inductus in temptationem; sed libera nos et Malo.

*For Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory...*

*For ever and ever.*

Amen. *Amon m’n*

*“Pray for us, Ste-Jehanne d’Arc, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.”*

*“Ste-Jehanne d’Arc, Apostle of the Kingship of Christ, pray for us.”*

V. *O God, come to my assistance.*  
R. *O Lord, make haste to help me.*

V. *Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.*  
R. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen. Amon m’n*



Comment le grant poype bant leur a cōtre le iour de uigemēt par orgueilz par enviez par couetise.



Comment le comoume gent checon leua a cōtre auou deu autre oatre p le aillier p mes  
trise. E ceo est dunt nous cferons leeu q le iour de dreyc uigemēt for sen  
met aproche.





# Poems in Honor of Sainte-Jeanne D'Arc “la Pucelle (d'Orléans)”

**6-1-1412 – 30-5-1431 (age 19): Burned at Stake by the English (& Burgundians)**

BY

**Sainte-(Marie-Françoise)-Thérèse (de Lisieux) de l'Enfant Jehu et la Sacré Visage,  
La Petit Fleur Blanc Carmelite, Vierge, et Docteur de l'Église Triomphanté**

**2-1-1873 – 30-9-1897 (age 24) – died of tuberculosis (having suffered two years)**

*Including diverse poésie & prayer by other writers on the subject of Arch-Angel Michael and the androgynous Demi-god, Saint Gabriel, and Saints Catherine of Alexandria, Margaret of Antioch, as well as a translation of *Le Ditié de Jehanne d'Arc* by Christine de Pisan, in French and English.*

*Illustrated with many half-tone and full-colour drawings, photographs, and divers other artwork...*



*“Dieu premier servi”* - Ste. Jehanne d’Arc

OUR Saint was born on the feast of the Epiphany (6 Jan. 1412) to pious parents of the French peasant class, at Domrémy, in the rich province of Champagne, on the Meuse River in northeast France, *near the Province of Lorraine...* At a very early age she heard the Voices of St.-Michael the Arch-Angel, Saint Catherine of Alexandria, and St.-Margaret “Marina” of Antioch ; and, of St.-Gabriel, *too*. *Betrayed by the Burgundians*, Ste.-Jehanne d’Arc was condemned to death (by the English)) as a heretic, sorceress, and adulteress, and was burned at the stake (30 May 1431): She was nineteen years old.

*Some thirty years later, she was exonerated of all guilt and, over succeeding centuries she became an icon for French national identity, and was canonized, in 1920.*

**“France will be lost by a woman and saved by a virgin from the oak forests of Lorraine.”**  
*The Prophecy of Merlin*

“So that I mighteth terrify the wicked  
And Giveth New Hope unto Yine wretched...”

Heroine of *the Hundred Years War*, Jeanne d'Arc is still remembered and loved six centuries later.

## **POEMS IN HONOR OF SAINTE-JEANNE D'ARC**

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***“En nom Dieu!”***







10















“The fewer men, the greater share of honour.”

Henry V, *inspiring his much out-numbered force*

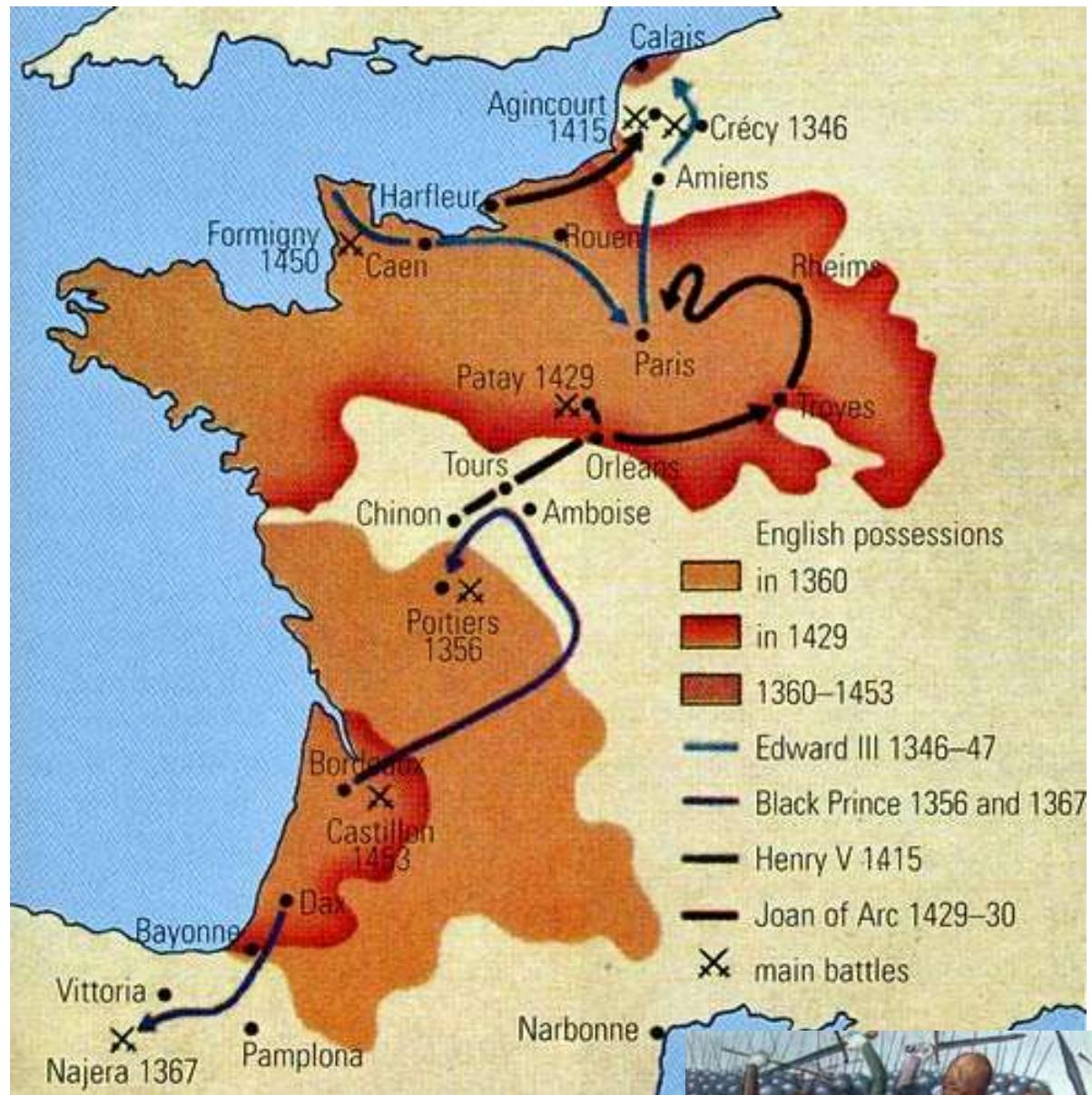














*“France, ruined by a woman, would be restored by a maid from the borders of Lorraine.”*

Marie Robine *dite Marie “la Gasque” d’Avignon*

She then told us that heavenly beings came to present arms and armor “to drive the English out of France” – “Mais ce rôle ne lui était point réservé, il serait attribué à une pucelle qui viendrait après elle.” (“But this role he was not reserved, it would be assigned to a maid that comes after it.”)



## **“POEMS IN HONOR OF JEHANNE D’ARC”**





Giulietta D'Arce

As the first poem to have been composed - in any language - on Jeanne d'Arc, the only major one to have been written while Jeanne was still alive, and the last from the pen of a distinguished poetess, *la Ditié de Jehanne d'Arc* has unique claims to fame. The extrinsic value of *the Ditié* as an historical document is self-evident.

It was completed on 31 July 1429, in the midst of continuing successes on the part of the French army which had just taken Château-Thierry, on July 29<sup>th</sup>. With the brilliant victory at Orléans and the coronation at Rheims now behind them, Jeanne and Charles VII were expected to enter Paris at any moment, defeat the Anglo-Burgundian forces and thus bring to an end the long years of foreign occupation and civil strife.

What gives Christine's poem its unique *documentary* value is the fact that it vividly captures not only the surge of optimism and triumph that swept through the whole of the French camp at this time, but also the sense of wonder and gratitude which all loyal Frenchmen must have felt at the miraculous intervention of divine Providence in the person of Jeanne.

The *Ditié de Jehanne d'Arc* is Christine's last surviving work and, two complete fifteenth-century manuscript versions of the poem are known, and one incomplete version which could be from the late fifteenth century but is more likely to be from the sixteenth century.

### ***Le Ditié de Jehanne d'Arc***

*By Christine de Pisan (1364-1431)*

#### 1

Je, Christine, qui ay plouré  
Onze ans en abbaye close,  
Où j'ay tousjours puis demouré  
Que Charles (c'est estrange chose!),  
Le filz du roy, se dire l'ose,  
S'en fouy de Paris de tire,  
Par la traïson là enclose,  
Ore à prime me prens à rire;

I, Christine, who have wept for eleven years  
closed in a walled abbey, where I have lived  
ever since Charles (*How strange a thing this  
is!*), the king' son, fled, if I dare say it, in  
haste from Paris, enclosed here on account  
of this treachery, I begin now for the first  
time to laugh.

#### 2

A rire bonement de joie  
Me prens pour le temps yvernage  
Qui se depart, où je souloie  
Me tenir tristement en cage.  
Mais or changeray mon langage  
De pleur en chant, quant recouvré  
Ay bon temps  
Bien ma part avoir enduré.

I begin to laugh heartily with joy because  
winter is departing when I used to stay sadly  
confined in my dreary cage. But, now *that*  
the good weather is back... I will change my  
language from one of weeping tears into one  
of singing song, because I have found the  
good season once again: I have well endured  
my share.

## 3

L'an mil MCCCCXXIX  
 Reprint à luire li soleil:  
 Il ramene le bon temps neuf  
 Qu'on [n'] avoit veü de droit oil  
 Puis long temps, dont plusers en dueil  
 Orent vesqu; j'en suis de ceulx.  
 Mais plus de rien je ne me dueil,  
 Quant ores voy ce que [je] veulx.

In 1429 the sun began to shine again: It brings back the good new season which we had not really seen for a long time which made many people live in sorrow; but I no longer grieve over anything, for now I see what I desire.

## 4

Si est bien le vers retourné  
 De grant dueil en joie nouvelle  
 Depuis le temps qu'ay sejourné  
 Là où je suis, et la tresbelle  
 Saison, que printemps on appelle,  
 La Dieu mercy, qu'ay désirée,  
 Où toute rien se renouvelle,  
 S'est du sec au vert temps tirée.  
 But things have completely changed from  
 great sorrow to new joy since the time I  
 came here to stay, and, thanks be to God, the  
 lovely new season I so desired, the one  
 called Spring where every living  
 creature/thing renews itself, has turned  
 barren land green.



## 5

C'est que le degeté enfant  
 Du roy de France legitime,  
 Qui long temps a esté souffrant  
 Mains grans ennuiz, qui or aprime,  
 Se lieva ainsi que vers prime,  
 Venant comme roy coronné  
 En puissance tresgrande et fine,  
 Et d'espérons d'or espronré.

All this because the rejected child of the legitimate king of France, who has suffered for a long time much great misfortune, and who now approaches, rose up like one who goes to prime, coming as a crowned king, in wonderful might and majesty, wearing spurs of gold.

## 6

Or faisons feste à nostre roy!  
 Que tresbien soit-il revenu!  
 Resjoiz de son noble arroy,  
 Alons trestous, grant et menu,  
 Au devant – nul ne soit tenu! –  
 Menant joie le saluer,  
 Louant Dieu, qui l'a maintenu,  
 Criant “Noël!” en hault huer.

Now let us celebrate our king! May he be welcomed on his return! Rejoice at the sight of his noble appearance, let us all *go*, great and small – may no one hold back – and joyfully step forward to greet him, praising God who has protected him, loudly shouting “Noel.”

## 7

Mais or vueil raconter comment  
 Dieu a tout ce fait de sa grace,  
 A qui je pri qu'avisement  
 Me doint, que rien je n'y trespassse.  
 Raconté soit en toute place,  
 Car ce est digne de mémoire,  
 Et escript, à qui que desplace,  
 En mainte cronique et hystoire!

But now I want to relate how God has done all this through His grace: I pray to him to give me guidance lest I am wont to omit anything. May this story be (*for ever*) told everywhere, for it is worthy of memory and of being written down – no matter who may be displeased – in many a chronicle and history books!

## 8

Oyez par tout l'univers monde  
 Chose sur toute merveillable!  
 Notez se Dieu, en qui habonde  
 Toute grace, est point secourable  
 Au droit en fin. C'est fait notable,  
 Consideré le présent cas!  
 Si soit aux deceilz valable,  
 Que Fortune a flati à cas!

Now listen, hear – throughout the world, to something more marvelous than anything else! See if God, in whom all grace abounds, does not support in the end *that* which is right. This fact is noteworthy, in view of the case at hand! May it be of value to those who are disillusioned, those whom Fortune has beaten down



## 9

Et note[z] comment esbahir  
 Ne se doit nul pour infortune,  
 Se voiant à grant tort haïr,  
 Et courir sus par voix commune!  
 Voie[z] comment tousjours n'est une  
 Fortune, qui a nuit à maint!  
 Car Dieu, qui aux tors faiz repune,  
 Ceulx relieve en qui espoir maint.

And note *that* no one should be dismayed by misfortune, when we see ourselves unjustly despised and attacked by everyone! – Hated on all sides. See how Fortune, who has harmed *so* many people, is inconstant... always changing. For God, who opposes all wrong deeds, raises up those in who hope lives on.

## 10

Qui vit doncques chose avenir  
 Plus hors de toute opinion  
 (Qui à noter et souvenir  
 Fait bien en toute région),  
 Que France (de qui mention  
 On faisoit que jus ert ruée)  
 Soit, par Divine Mission,  
 Du mal en si grant bien muée,

Who, then, has seen anything so  
 extraordinary come to pass – which should  
 be well-noted and remembered in all regions  
 – that France, who in everyone's opinion  
 was defeated, has, by Divine Command,  
 changed from evil to such great good,

## 11

Par tel miracle voirement  
 Que, se la chose n'yert notoire  
 Et évident quoy et comment,  
 Il n'est homs qui le peiist croire?  
 Chose est bien digne de mémoire  
 Que Dieu, par une vierge tendre,  
 Ait adès voulu (chose est voire!)  
 Sur France si grant grace estendre.

and truly through such a miracle that, if the  
 matter were not so well-known and obvious  
 in every way – crystal-clear – no one  
 wouldst e'er believe it? This is a fact well  
 worth remembering: God has nevertheless  
 wished to bestow His Grace on France – and  
 this is true – through the great blessings of *a  
 tender virgin*.

## 12

O quel honneur à la couronne  
 De France par Divine Preuve!  
 Car par les graces qu'Il lui donne  
 Il appert comment Il l'apreuve,  
 Et que plus foy qu'autre part treuve  
 En l'estat royal, dont je lix  
 Qu'oncques (ce n'est pas chose neuve!)  
 "En foy n'errerent fleurs de lix."

And, O What an honor given to the French  
 crown by this Divine Proof! For by the  
 grace He gives it it is obvious *that* He  
 supports it and *that* more than anywhere else  
 He finds faith in the royal estate of which I  
 read – and there is nothing new in this – *that*  
 "the *Lilies of France* never erred in the  
 faith."

## 13

Et tu, Charles, roy des Francois,  
 VII<sup>e</sup> d'icellui hault nom,  
 Qui si grant guerre as eue aincois  
 Que bien t'en prenist se peu non:  
 Mais, Dieu grace, or voiz ton renon  
 Hault eslevé par la Pucelle,  
 Qui a soubzmis soubz ton penon  
 Tes ennemis (chose est nouvelle!) And you

Charles, king of France, seventh of that  
 noble name, who waged a great war before  
 things changed for the better for you: But  
 now, by God's grace, see how your renown  
 is exalted by *the Maid*, who has subjugated  
 your enemies and laid them low under your  
 standard – (and this is something new)

## 14

En peu de temps; que l'on cuidoit  
 Que ce feust com chose impossible  
 Que ton pays, qui se perdoit,  
 Reusses jamais. Or est visible-  
 Ment tien, [puis que] qui que nuisible  
 T'ait esté, tu l'as recouvré!  
 C'est par **la Pucelle** sensible,  
 Dieu mercy, qui y a ouvré!

In a short time; for people believed *that* it was *quite* impossible *that* you shouldst e'er regain yine country – which you were at the point of losing. Now it is clearly yours, for against all those no-matter-who harmed you, you have recovered it! And all this has been brought about through the clever intelligence of **the Maid**, who, thanks be to God, has played her part in this matter!

## 15

Si croy fermement que tel grace  
 Ne te seroit de Dieu donnée,  
 Se à toy, en temps et espace,  
 Il n'estoit de Lui ordonnée  
 Quelque grant chose solempnée  
 A terminer et mettre à chief,  
 Et qu'Il t'ait donné destinée  
 D'estre de tresgrans faiz le chief.

I firmly believe *that* God would not bestow on you *this* Grace if it were not ordained by Him *that* you should, in the course of time, bring to fruition and a good end some great and solemn task; and I believe, too, *that* you are destined to be the author of the greatest deeds/events.

*Stanzas 1-15 obviously comprise a hymn of praise and thanksgiving for the new king and his long-awaited coronation.*

## 16

Car ung roy de France doit estre  
 Charles, filz de Charles, nommé,  
 Qui sur tous rois sera grant maistre.  
 Propheciez l'ont surnommé  
 "Le Cerf Volant," et consomé  
 Sera par cellui conquereur  
 Maint fait (Dieu l'a à ce somé),  
 Et en fin doit estre empereur.

*For there will be a King of France called Charles, son of Charles, who will be supreme ruler over all Kings. Prophecies have given him the name of 'The Flying Stag' and many a deed will be accomplished by this conqueror (God has called him to this task) and in the end he will be emperor.*



However, from a town in *Canute's forest*, a girl shall be sent to remedy these matters by her healing art. Once she has consulted all the oracles, she shall dry up the noxious springs simply by breathing on them.

Next, when she has restored her own strength by some invigorating drink, she shall carry the *Forest of Caledon* in her right hand, and in her left the buttressed forts of *the walls of London*. Wherever she passes she shall leave sulphurous footprints which will reek with a double flame.

The smoke from them will stir up *the Ruteni* (Celtic, “*the Blond Ones*” – *a northern tribe which produced lead*)<sup>1</sup> and will provide food for the creatures that live in the sea. Tears of Compassion shall flow from her eyes and will fill the island with her dreadful cries. He that will kill her shall be *a stag of ten tines*, four of which will bear golden coronets; the other six will be turned into the horns of oxen, and these horns will rouse the three islands of Britain with their accursed bellowing.

*A Prophecy of Merlin*




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<sup>1</sup> Ptolemy (2.7.21), who places them in Gallia Aquitania; Pliny (4.19) says that *the Ruteni* border on the Narbonensis Provincia; and Strabo (iv. p.191) places them and the Gabaleis or Gabali next to the Narbonensis...

#### A MAP OF GAUL – 1<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY BCE



Tout ce est le prouffit de t'ame.  
 Je prie à Dieu que cellui soies,  
 Et qu'Il te doint, sans le gref d'ame,  
 Tant vivre qu'encoures tu voyes  
 Tes enfans grans, et toutes joyes  
 Par toy et eulz soient en France!  
 Mais en servant Dieu toutesvoies,  
 Ne guerre [plus] n'y face oulrance!

*All this is to the profit of your soul. I pray to God that you may be the person I have described, and that He grant you long life, to nobody's harm, so that you may yet see your children grown up, I pray too that all joy come to France because of you and them! But, as you serve God always, may war never cause havoc there again (or by emending face to face[s]: 'May you never wage war to the death there again!')*



18

Et j'ay espoir que bon seras,  
 Droitier et amant justice,  
 Et [tres] tous autres passeras,  
 Mais qu'orgueil ton fait ne honnisce;  
 A ton pueple doulz et propice,  
 Et crairignant Dieu, qui t'a esleu  
 Pour son servant (si com premissse  
 En as), mais que faces ton deu.

*I hope that you will be good and upright, and a lover of justice and that you will surpass all others, provided your deeds are not tarnished by pride, that you will be gentle and well-disposed towards your people, that you will always love God who elected you as His servant (and you have a first manifestation of this), on condition that you do your duty.*

19

Et comment pourras-tu jamais  
 Dieu mercier à souffisance,  
 Servir, doubter en tous tes fais,  
 Qui de si grant contrariance  
 T'a mis à paix, et toute France  
 Relevée de tel ruyne,  
 Quant sa tressainte providence  
 T'a fait de si grant honneur digne?

*And how will you ever be able to thank God enough, serve and fear Him in all your deeds (for He has led you from such great adversity to peace and raised up the whole of France from such ruin) when His most holy providence made you worthy of such signal honour?*

20

Tu en soyes loué, hault Dieu!  
 A Toy gracier tous tenuz  
 Sommes, qui donné temps et lieu  
 As, où ces biens sont avenus.  
 [A] Jointes mains, grans et menus,  
 Graces Te rendons, Dieu céleste,  
 Par qui nous sommes parvenus  
 A paix, et hors de grant tempeste!

*May God be praised for this, “Great God! It is our bounden duty to thank You who decreed time and place for these blessings to come about. With hands clasped, both great and small, we all thank You, Heavenly Lord, who have guided us through the great tempest into peace[ful water].*

21

Et toy, Pucelle beneurée,  
 Y dois-tu estre obliée,  
 Puis que Dieu t'a tant honnorée  
 Que as la corde desliée  
 Qui tenoit France estroit liée?  
 Te pourroit-on assez louer  
 Quant ceste terre, humiliée  
 Par guerre, as fait de paix douer?

And you blessed Maid, shouldst you be forgotten in all this? – For God has honored you so much that you undid the knotted rope which held France tightly bound. Could we ever praise you enough when you have bestowed peace upon this land humiliated by war?



22

Tu, Jehanne, de bonne heure née,  
 Benoist soit cil qui te créa!  
**Pucelle de Dieu** ordonnée,  
 En qui le Saint Esprit réa  
 Sa grant grace, en qui ot et a  
 Toute largesse de hault don,  
 N'ond requeste ne te véa.  
 Qui te rendra assez guerdon?

You, Joan, were born at a propitious hour,  
**Blessed Be** He who created you! Maiden,  
 ordained by God, in whom the Holy Spirit  
 (in whom there was and is the greatest  
 generosity with noble gifts) poured Great  
 Grace and never refused any of your  
 requests, “How can we ever reward you?”

23

Que puet-il d'autre estre dit plus  
 Ne des grans faiz des temps passez?  
 Moyses, en qui Dieu afflus  
 Mist graces et vertuz assez,  
 Il tira, sans estre lassez,  
 Le pueple de Dieu hors d'Egipte  
 Par miracle. Ainsi repassez  
 Nous as de mal, **Pucelle** eslite!

How could one say more of anyone else or  
 of the great deeds of the past? Moses, on  
 whom God in His generosity bestowed  
 many blessings and virtues, miraculously  
 and indefatigably led his people out of  
 Egypt, *without tiring of it*. In the same way  
 you have led us from evil, elected **Maid**!

24

Considerée ta personne,  
 Qui es *une jeune pucelle*,  
 A qui Dieu force et povoir donne  
 D'estre le champion et celle  
 Qui donne à France *la mamelle*  
*De paix* et douerce norriture,  
 Et ruer jus la gent rebelle,  
 Véez bien chose oultre nature!

When we reflect on your person, you who  
 are a young maid, to whom God has given  
 the strength and power to be a champion  
 whom casts down *the rebels* and gives to  
 France her **Breast of Peace** and sweet  
 nourishment. – See how this goes beyond  
 nature!

25

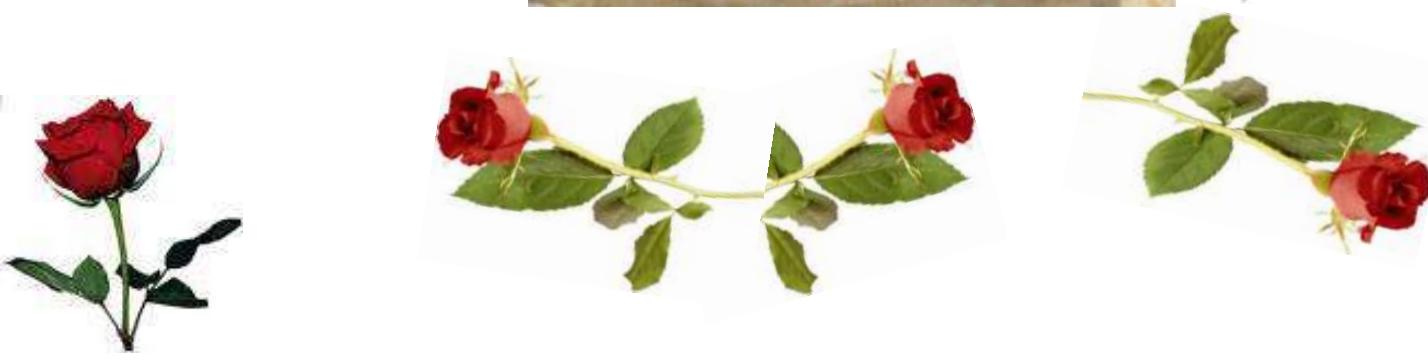
Car, se Dieu fist par Josué  
 Des miracles à si grant somme,  
 Conquérand lieux, et jus rué  
 Y furent maint, il estoit homme  
 Fort et puissant. Mais, toute somme,  
 Une femme – simple *bergiere* – Plus preux  
 qu'ond homs ne fut à Romme!  
 Quant à Dieu, c'est chose legiere.

For if God performed such a great number of miracles through **Joshua**, who conquered so many places and rousted so many enemies – he, **Joshua**, was a strong and powerful man! But after all, a woman, a simple *shepherdess*, braver than any man ever was in Rome! – *And for God... this was an easy thing to do.*

26

Mais quant à nous, onques parler  
 N'oÿsme de si grant merveille,  
 Car tous les preux au long aler  
 Qui ont esté; ne s'appareille  
 Leur prouesse à ceste qui veille  
 A bouter hors noz ennemis.  
 Mais ce fait Dieu, qui la conseille,  
 En qui cuer plus que d'omme a mis.

But for us, we never heard tell of such an extraordinary marvel, for the prowess of all the brave men from the past cannot measure up in prowess against this woman's concern which strives to cast out our enemies: But this is God's Doing and it is He who counsels her, who from Him *hath* received a more courageous heart than any man.



27

De Gedeon on fait grant compte,  
 Qui simple laboureur estoit,  
 Et Dieu le fist, ce dit le conte,  
 Combatre, ne nul n'arrestoit  
 Contre lui, et tout conquestoit.  
 Mais onc miracle si appert  
 Ne fist, quoy qu'Il ammonestoit,  
 Com pour ceste fait, il appert.

We make much of **Gideon**, who was a simple laborer, so the story goes... and it was God *that* made him fight; none could hold out against him, and he conquered everything. But whatever orders He gave him, *it is clear that* He never preformed such a striking miracle as He did for this woman.

28

**Hester, Judith et Delbora,**  
 Qui furent dames de grant pris,  
 Par lesqueles Dieu restora  
 Son pueple, qui fort estoit pris,  
 Et d'autres plusers ay apris  
 Qui furent preuses, n'y ot celle,  
 Mains miracles en a pourpris.  
 Plus a fait par ceste **Pucelle**.

I have learned about **Esther**, **Judith**, and **Deborah**, women of great worthy, through whom God restored his people which was so oppressed, and I also learned about many other worthy ladies who were brave champions, but there was none through whom he has performed a greater miracle than through **the Maid**.



Even Esther, who saves the people from Haman's attempted genocide, is guided by her adviser and cousin, Mordechai. A rare exception to this tradition is the prophetess and judge Deborah, perhaps the Bible's greatest woman figure. Deborah was unique among the women, and men, of Bible History in that she was prophetess, a judge and a military leader all in one – a powerful triple combination of authority and responsibility. Some have tried to understand God's selection of Deborah, *as* the fourth and only female Judge, by reasoning *that* He could not find any man suitable for the job, so He was forced to use Deborah. – *While this reasoning may serve to keep male egos intact, it ignores the testimony of Scripture.* Her story is told twice in *Judges 4* (prose) & 5 (poésie): (The poem may have been included in the *Book of the Wars of the Lord* mentioned in Numbers 21:14, 15). She was the wife of Lappidoth (meaning "torches").

God is able to use whoever he wants; He does not appoint leaders by using human criteria. The account in Judges reveals that Deborah's personality drew people together. – She was also a prophetess and led the people to obey God. The accounts of Judges 4 and 5 tell the story of **a battle at Kishon** and Taanach whose waters lap the walls of ancient Megiddo: [*Going by the textual artifacts in this account, the battle took place sometime in the reign of Seti I, and may have resulted in the capture.*]

**Esther Hadassah** was a Jewish queen of the Persian king **Ahasuerus** (traditionally identified with **Xerxes I**); she had neither father nor mother, “*and the maid was fair and beautiful; whom Mordecai, when her father and mother were dead, took for his own daughter.*” Esther is a form of an Arabian/Persian name, **Satarah**, which means **star**. [*Esther was the daughter of a Benjamite, Abihail; when Cyrus gave permission for the exiles to return unto Jerusalem she stayed with Mordecai her cousin.*]: Her story is the basis for the celebration of **Purim**, in Jewish tradition, a festival that commemorates the deliverance of the Jewish people living throughout the ancient Persian Empire from a plot by **Haman the Agagite** to annihilate them. **Purim** is celebrated annually according to the Hebrew calendar, the day following the victory of the Jews over their enemies.

While **King Ahasuerus** held a magnificent 180-day banquet for his princes, nobles and servants, in **Susa (Shushan)**, she held a separate banquet for the women. On the seventh day of the feast, when the king’s heart was “merry with wine,” the king orders his queen, **Vashti (Amestris)**, to appear before him and his guests wearing no veil, which was dishonorable, to display her beauty. – She is banished for her refusal to appear at the king’s banquet, and Esther is chosen to succeed her as queen. [After **Darius I the Great of Persia** started his reign, according to the Greek researcher Herodotus (5<sup>th</sup> century BC), **Otanes** – a Persian nobleman with a claim to the throne – was honored with a diplomatic marriage. The new king married Otanes’ daughter Phaedymia, and Otanes married a sister of Darius, who gave birth to Amestris.]

According to the *Midrash*, Vashti was the great-granddaughter of **King Nebuchadnezzar II of Babylon**, the granddaughter of **King Amel-Marduk** and the daughter of **King Belshazzar**. During Vashti’s father’s rule, mobs of Medes and Persians attacked. They murdered Belshazzar that night. Vashti was kidnapped by King Darius of Persia and given to his son, Ahasuerus. – Amestris remained in power well into the reign of her son Artaxerxes I Macrocheir (Latin, *Longimanus*).

The **Book of Judith** is a deuterocanonical book,<sup>2</sup> about a daring and beautiful widow, who is upset with her countrymen for not trusting God to deliver them from their foreign conquerors; a tragic setting that appealed to patriots and it warned of the urgency of adhering to Mosaic Law. She goes with her loyal maid to the camp of the enemy general, **Holofernes**, to whom she slowly ingratiates herself... Gaining his trust, she is allowed access to his tent one night as he lies in a drunken stupor. She decapitates him, and then takes his head back to her fearful countrymen. The Assyrians, having lost their leader,

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<sup>2</sup> The **Book of Judith** is included in the *Septuagint*, and in the Catholic and Eastern Orthodox Christian Old Testament of the *Holy Bible*, but excluded by Pharisaic-Rabbinical Jews and Protestants.

disperse, and *the Nation* is saved. Though she is courted by many, she remains unmarried for the rest of her life.

The name Judith (“*Praised*” or “*Jewess*”) is the feminine form of Judah.

“In the twelfth year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, who ruled over the Assyrians in the great city of Nineveh, in the days of Arphaxad, who ruled over the Medes in Ecbatana...”

The historicity and canonicity of the *Book of Judith* in early Christianity was never disputed before *Jerome* began to translate the Bible in Latin [ ] Roman Catholic scholar *Vigouroux* found out that the similarity between “*Arphaxad* king of the Medes” and “*Phraortes* king of the Medes” and the historical setting of the book help us identify Judith’s *Nebuchadnezzar* with *Assurbanipal*, the last great king of Assyria and Nineveh, thus setting the story around 650 BCE



29

Par miracle fut envoiée  
 Et divine amonition,  
 De l’ange de Dieu convoiée  
 Au roy, pour sa provision.  
 Son fait n'est pas illusion,  
 Car bien a esté esprouvée  
 Par conseil (*en conclusion*,  
*A l'effect la chose est prouvé*),  
 She was miraculously sent by divine  
 command, and conducted by the Angel of  
 the Lord to the king, in his support. Her  
 deeds are not an illusion, for she was  
 carefully tested in council (*we conclude that*  
*a thing is proved by its effect*),

30

Et bien esté examinée  
 A, ains que l'on l'ait voulu croire,  
 Devant cler et sages menée  
 Pour ensorcher se chose voire  
 Disoit, ainçois qu'il fust notoire  
 Que Dieu l'eust vers le roy tramise.

Mais on a trouvé en histoire  
 Qu'à ce faire elle estoit commise;

*And well-examined, before anyone wanted to believe her, and before it became common-knowledge that God sent her to the king; she was led before clerks and wise men so they could judge her... whether she spoke the truth. But one found in history books that she was destined for these deeds.*

31

Car Merlin et Sebile et Bede,  
 Plus de Vc ans a la virent  
 En esperit, et pour remede  
 En France en leurs escripz la mirent,  
 Et leur[s] prophecies en firent,  
 Disans qu'el pourteroit baniere  
 Es guerres françoises, et dirent  
 De son fait toute la maniere.

For more than five hundred years ago,  
*Merlin, the Sibyl, and Bede* foresaw her in  
 their minds and put her into their writings  
 and made prophecies about her as the  
 remedy for France's troubles. They said she  
 would carry the banner in French wars and  
 they exactly predicted her deeds.

32

Et sa belle vie, par foy,  
 Monstre qu'elle est de Dieu en grace;  
 Par quoy on adjouste plus foy  
 A son fait. Car, quoy qu'elle face,  
 Tousjours a Dieu devant la face,  
 Qu'elle appelle, sert et deprie  
 En fait, en dit; ne va en place  
 Où sa devotion detrie.

*Strothe*, her life in beauty, by my faith,  
 proves that she is in God's grace, and  
 therefore one readily accords more faith to  
 her deeds. For whatever she has done, she  
 always had God before her eyes, which she  
 called to, served and praised in word and  
 deed; nowhere does her devotion falter.

33

0 Comment lors bien y paru  
 Quant le siege ert devant Orliens,  
 Où premier sa force apparu!  
 Onc miracle, si com je tiens,  
 Ne fut plus cler, car Dieu aux siens  
 Aida telement, qu'ennemis  
 Ne s'aiderent ne que mors chiens.  
 Là furent prins et à mort mis.

Oh, how clear was this at **the siege of Orléans** where her power first appeared!  
 No miracle, I believe, was ever clearer, for  
 God helped His people so much that the  
 enemies were as helpless as dead dogs. – It  
 was there that they were captured and put to  
 death.





*Hee!* Quel honneur au femenin  
 Sexe! Que Dieu l'ayme il appert,  
 Quant tout ce grant pueple chenin,  
 Par qui tout le regne ert desert,  
 Par femme est sours et recouvert,  
 Ce que Cm hommes [fait] n'eussent,  
 Et les traictres mis à desert!  
 A peine devant ne le creussent.  
 O! What an honor to the female sex!

It is perfectly obvious *that God Loves [ ] it*  
 is clear with all these wretched people and  
 traitors who laid waste the whole kingdom  
 cast out and now the realm is elevated and  
 restored, made safe by a woman –  
 something a five hundred thousand men  
 could not have done! – And the traitors have  
 been exterminated. Before, one would not  
 have believed it possible.

## 35

Une fillete de XVI ans  
(N'est-ce pas chose fors nature?),  
A qui armes ne sont pesans,  
Ains semble que sa norriture  
Y soit, tant y est fort et dure!  
Et devant elle vont fuyant  
Les ennemis, ne nul n'y dure.  
Elle fait ce, mains yeulx voiant,

(Is this not something beyond supernatural...?): A young girl of sixteen years, whose heavy arms seem weightless! – Indeed, he whole upbringing seems to have been brought up for this: She is so strong and resolute! And her enemies flee before her, not one of them can stand in front of her. She does this, with many eyes looking on,

## 36

Et d'eulx va France descombrant,  
En recouvrant chasteaulx et villes.  
Jamais force ne fu si grant,  
Soient ou à cens ou à miles!  
Et de noz gens preux et abiles  
Elle est principal chevetaine.  
Tel force n'ot **Hector n'Achilles!**  
Mais tout ce fait Dieu, qui la menne.

And rids France of her enemies, recapturing castles and towns: Never was there such great strength, not in a hundred or a thousand men. And she is the supreme leader of our brave and skilled people. Neither **Hector** nor **Achilles** had such great strength! But this God does who guides her.



37

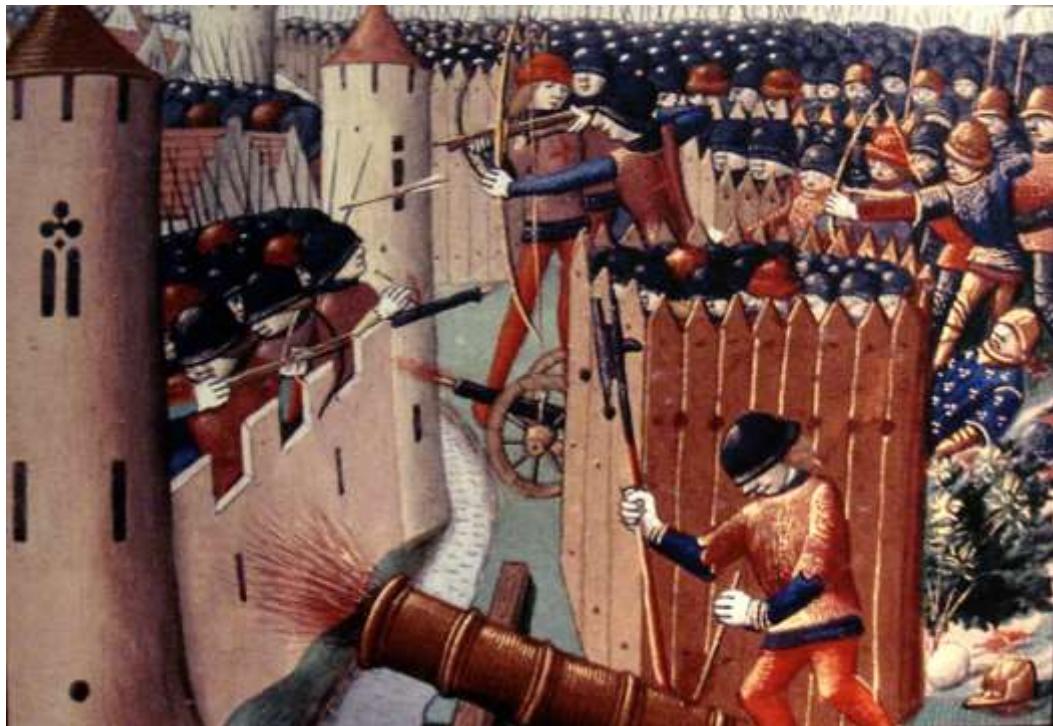
Et vous, gens d'armes esprovez,  
 Qui faites l'execution,  
 Et bons et loyaulx vous prouvez,  
 Bien faire on en doit mention  
 (Louez en toute nation  
 Vous en serez!), et sans faillance  
 Parler sur toute election  
 De vous, et de vostre vaillance,

And you, trusty men-at-arms who carry out  
 the tasks and do the deeds which prove  
 yourselves good and loyal, one should  
 certainly mention you (you will be praised  
 for it in all countries); and speak of you  
 above all else, and of your courage,

38

Qui sanc, corps et vie exposez  
 Pour le droit, en peine si dure,  
 Et contre tous perilz osez  
 Vous aler mettre à l'avanture.  
 Soiés constans, car je vous jure  
 Qu'en aurés gloire ou ciel et los!  
 Car qui se combat pour droitire  
 Paradis gaingne, dire l'os.

You who in such harsh pain risk blood,  
 body, and risk life for justice and dare to go  
 forward in such great peril, confronting  
 every danger. Be constant, for I promise  
 you, for this you will receive glory and  
 praise in heaven. For I dare say, whoever  
 fights for justice will win Paradise.





39

Si rabaissez, Anglois, voz cornes  
 Car jamais n'aurez beau gibier!  
 En France ne menez voz sornes!  
 Matez estes en l'eschiquier.  
 Vous ne [le] pensiez pas l'autrier,  
 Où tant vous monstriez perilleux;  
 Mais n'estiez encour ou santier,  
 Où Dieu abat les orgueilleux.

And so you English, lower your horns, for  
 you will never find good game! Don't carry  
 on with your nonsense in France! You are  
 checkmated, something you would not have  
 thought possible recently when you seemed  
 so threatening; but then you were not yet on  
 treading the path where God casts down the  
 proud.

40

Ja cudiés France avoir gaingnée,  
 Et qu'elle vous deust demourer.  
 Autrement va, faulse mesgnié[e]!  
 Vous irés ailleurs tabourer,  
 Se ne voulez assavourer  
 La mort, comme voz compaignons,  
 Que loups pevent bien devourer,  
 Car mors gisent par les sillons!

You thought you had already conquered  
 France, and *that* she would be yours for  
 ever. Things have turned out differently,  
 you treacherous, false people! You'll have  
 to beat your drums elsewhere if you do not  
 want people to taste death like your  
 companions whom the wolves may well  
 devour, for they lie dead *in the fields* amidst  
 the furrows.

41

Et sachez que par elle Anglois  
 Seront mis jus sans relever,  
 Car Dieu le veult, qui oit les voiz  
 Des bons qu'ilz ont voulu grever!  
 Le sanc des occis sans lever  
 Crie contre eulz. Dieu ne veult plus  
 Le souffrir, ains les reprocuer  
 Comme mauvais, il est conclus.

And may it be known that she will cast down the English, there will be no getting up, for this is the will of God who hears the voices of the good people whom they wanted to harm! The blood of those for ever dead, having no hope of being reborn in the flesh, cries out against them. God will no longer tolerate this, but He Has Decided to condemn them *all* as evil – this is decided.

42

En Christianté et l'Eglise  
 Sera par elle mis concorde.  
 Les mescreans dont on devise,  
 Et les herites de vie orde  
 Destruira, car ainsi l'acorde  
 Prophecie, qui l'a predit,  
 Ne point n'aura misericorde  
 De lieu, qui la foy Dieu laidit.

Through her, in Christendom and the Church, harmony will reign. She will destroy the unbelievers the people talk about... and the heretic with their vile ways, for thus is the substance of what has been prophesied; nor shall she have pity for any place where faith is treated with disrespect.

43

Des Sarradins fera essart,  
 En conquerant **la Saintte Terre**.  
 Là menra **Charles**, que Dieu gard!  
 Ains qu'il muire, fera tel erre.  
 Cilz est cil qui la doit conquerre.  
 Là doit-elle finer sa vie,  
 Et l'un et l'autre gloire acquerre.  
 Là sera la chose assovye.

She will destroy the Saracens, by conquering **the Holy Land**. There she will lead **Charles**, whom God may preserve! Before he dies he will make this trip, he is the one who will conquer it. There she will end her life, and both will gain glory. It is there this whole enterprise will be fulfilled.





There was talk of Jehanne leading a crusade after the war against the new “proto-protestant” sect formed by Jan Huss, the Hussites. The records show that she most likely did not like any of the new protestant sects.

There was also talk of Jehanne participating in another crusade to take back the Holy Land from the Muslims after the war. Obviously, Jehanne did not live long enough to undertake either of these exploits.









## 44

Donc desur tous les preux passez,  
 Ceste doit porter la couronne,  
 Car ses faiz ja monstrent assez  
 Que plus prouesse Dieu lui donne  
 Qu'à tous ceulz de qui l'on raisonne.  
 Et n'a pas encor tout parfait!  
 Si croy que Dieu ça jus l'adonne,  
 Afin que paix soit par son fait.

Therefore, in preference to all the brave men of times past, she must wear the crown, for her deeds show clearly *that* God has bestowed more courage upon her than all those men about whom people speak. And she has not yet accomplished her whole mission! I believe *that* she is God's Gift to those of us on earth, so that through her deeds peace may be made.

## 45

Si est tout le mains qu'à faire ait  
 Que destruire l'Englecherie,  
 Car elle a ailleurs plus son hait  
 C'est que la Foy ne soit perie.  
 Quant des Anglois, qui que s'en rie  
 Ou pleure, il en est sué.  
 Le temps avenir moquerie  
 En sera fait. Jus sont rué!

And destroying the English race is the least of her worries, for her desires aspire, *rather*, elsewhere: to guard against destruction of Faith's Security. As for the English, whether one laughs or cries about it, they are done for. They will be scorned and mocked in times to come. – They have been vanquished!







## 46

Et vous, rebelles rouppieux,  
 Qui à eulz vous estes adhers,  
 Or voiez-vous qu'il vous fust mieulx  
 D'estre alez droit que le revers,  
 Pour devenir aux Anglois serfs.  
 Gardez que plus ne vous aviengne  
 (Car trop avez esté souffres),  
 Et de la fin bien [vous] souviengne!

And all you base rebels who make common cause with them, now you can see that you should have gone forward rather than backward and become the serfs of the English. Beware *that* nothing else will happen to you (for you have been tolerated long enough), and remember well about the end result!



47

N'appercevez-vous, gent avugle,  
 Que Dieu a icy la main mise?  
 Et qui ne le voit est bien bugle,  
 Car comment seroit en tel guise  
 Ceste *Pucelle* ça tramise  
 Qui tous mors vous fait jus abatre?  
 -- Ne force [n']avez qui souffise!  
 Voulez-vous contre Dieu combatre?

Don't you realize, you blind people, that  
 God has a hand in this? Those who don't  
 see this are truly stupid, for how could this  
*Maid* have been sent to us in this way, she  
 who strikes all of you down dead? And you  
 do not have sufficient strength! Do you  
 want to go into combat against God?

48

N'a el le roy mené au sacre,  
 Que tousjours tenoit par la main?  
 Plus grant chose oncques devant Acre  
 Ne fu faite; car pour certain  
 Des contrediz y ot tout plain.  
 Mais, maulgré tous, à grant noblesse  
 Y fu receu, et tout à plain  
 Sacré, et là ouÿ la Messe.

Has she not led the king with her hand to his  
 coronation? No greater deed was done  
 before Acre. There as well, were many  
 obstacles. But in spite of everyone he was  
 received there gloriously and duly anointed,  
 and there he heard Mass.



49

Atresgrant triumphe et puissance  
 Fu Charles couronné à Rains,  
 L'an mil CCCC, sans doubtance,  
 [Et XXIX, tout] sauf et sains,  
 Ou gens d'armes et barons mains,  
 Droit ou XVIIe jour  
 De juillet. [Pou plus ou pou mains']  
 Par là fu V jours à séjour,

It was exactly on the 17th day of July 1429,  
 with great triumph and display of power  
 Charles, without doubt, was crowned at  
 Rheims. He was *there-at* safe and sound, in  
 the midst of many men-at-arms and barons:  
 His sojourn there was five days,

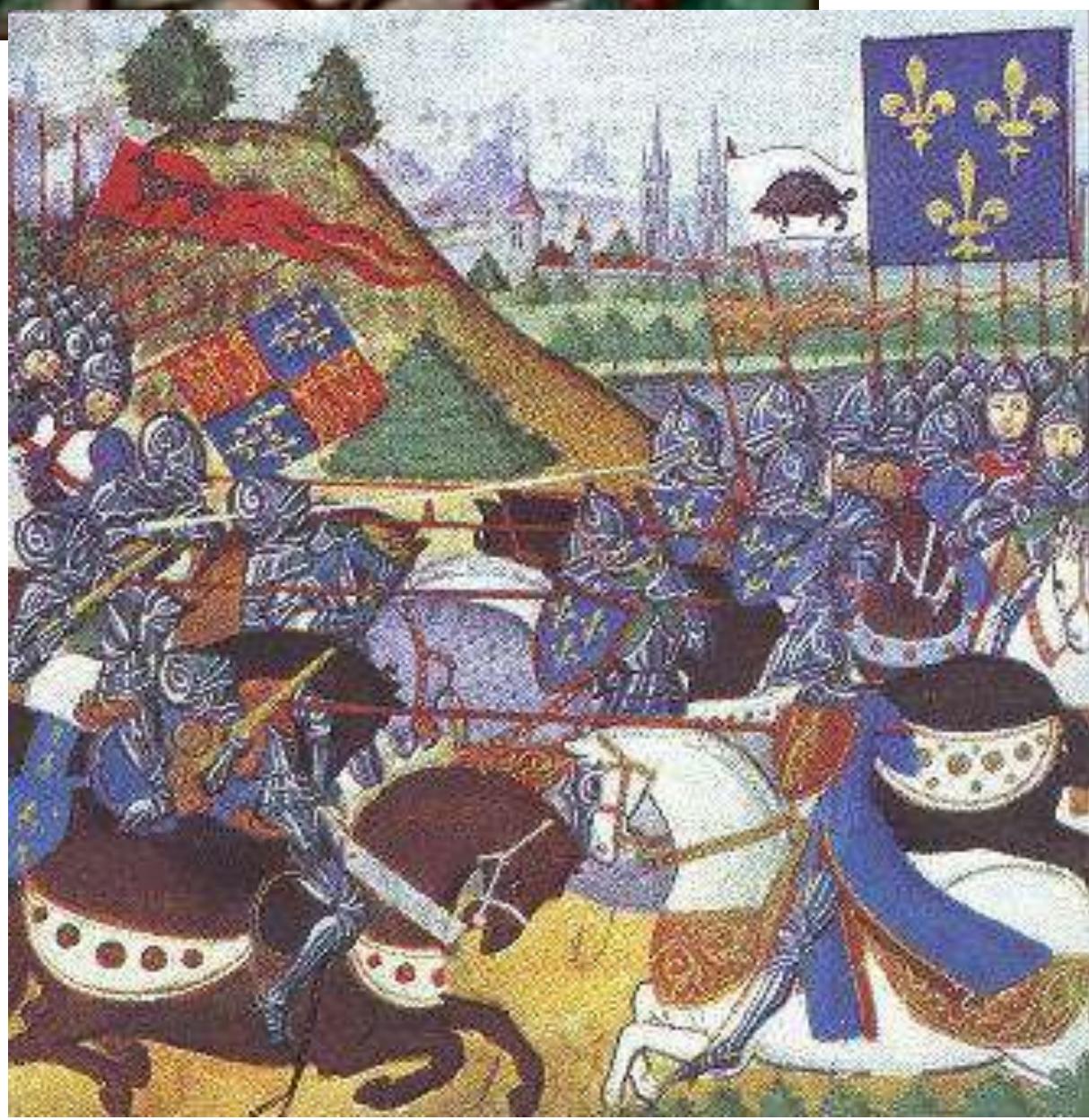
50

Avecques lui **la Pucellette**.  
 En retournant par son païs,  
 Cité ne chastel ne villette  
 Ne remaint. Amez ou haÿs  
 Qu'il soit, ou soient esbaïs  
 Ou asseurez, les habitans  
 Se rendent: Pou sont envahis,  
 Tant sont sa puissance doubtans!

And he stayed with **the little Maid**. As he  
 returns through his lands, neither city, no  
 castle, or small town remains unconquered.  
 Whether be loved or hated, whether the  
 inhabitants are overwhelmed with dismay or  
 reassured... they all surrender. No needs to  
 attack, so fearful are they of His Power!







## 51

Voir est qu'aucuns de leur folie  
 Cuident resister, mais peu vault,  
 Car au derrain, qui contralie,  
 A Dieu compere le deffault.  
 C'est pour neant. Rendre leur fault,  
 Vueillent ou non. N'y a si forte  
 Résistance qui à l'assault  
 De la Pucelle ne soit morte,

*It is true that some, in their folly, think they can resist, but this serves little purpose, for, in the end, whoever does offer opposition must pay God for his mistake. It is quite pointless. Whether they want to or not, they must surrender. No matter how strong the resistance offered, it collapses beneath the Maid's assault,*

## 52

Quoy qu'on ait fait grant assemblée,  
 Cuidant son retour contredire  
 Et lui courir sur par emblée;  
 Mais plus n'y fault confort de mire,  
 Car tous mors et pris tire à tire  
 Y ont esté les contrediz,  
 Et envoyez, com j'oÿ dire,  
 En Enfer ou en Paradis.

*even though huge forces were gathered together, in order to launch a surprise attack and bar his return; but there is no need for a doctor's attentions now, for all his opponents have been captured and killed, one by one, and dispatched, so I've been told, to Heaven or Hell.*

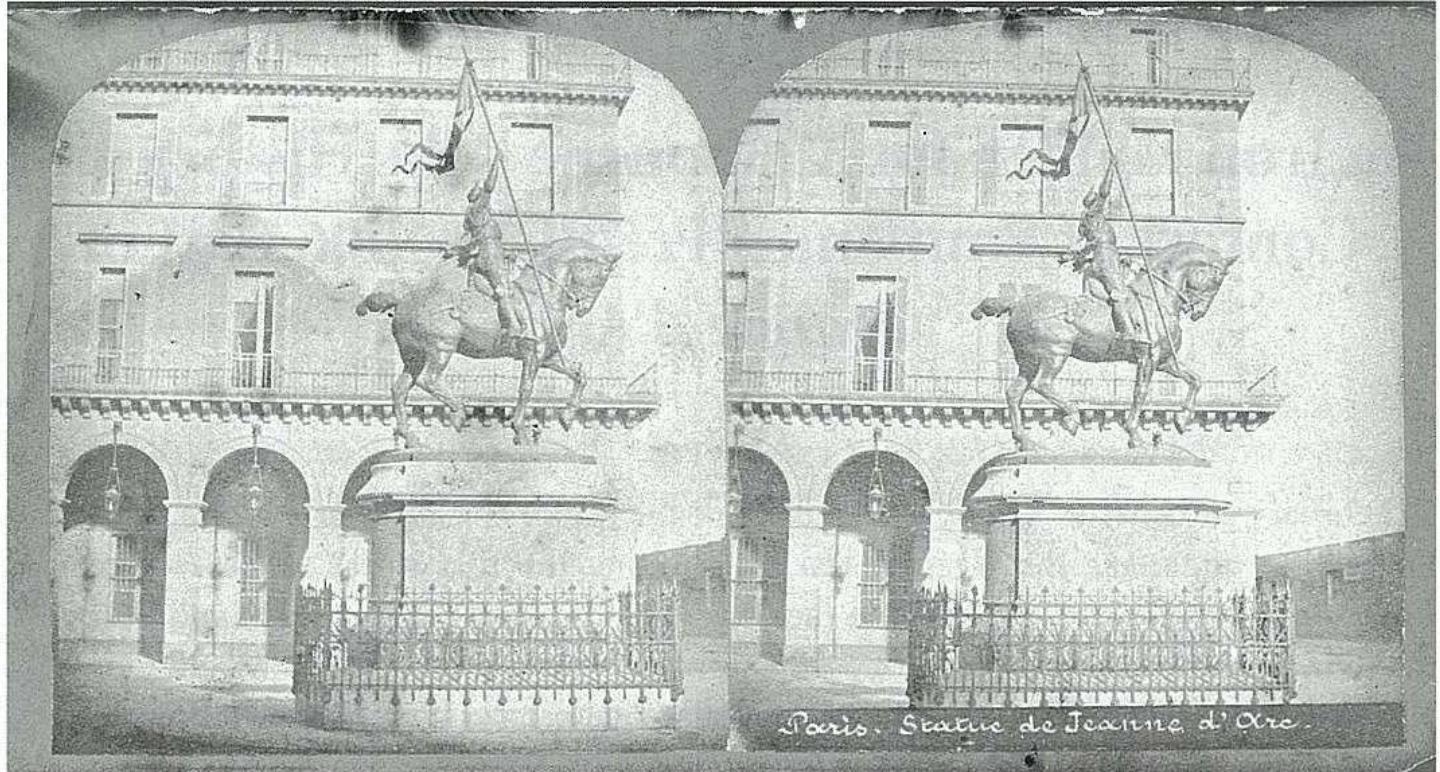


Fig. 1. Emmanuel Frémiet, French 1824-1910. *Jeanne d'Arc (Joan of Arc)*, 1874, bronze, life-size. Place des Pyramides, Paris (subsequently destroyed). Sepia-toned original stereoscope, possession of the author.



Engraving by C. W. Allom after a drawing by W. C.

JOAN OF ARC.

53

Ne sçay se Paris se tendra  
(Car encoures n'y sont-ilz mie),  
Ne se la Pucelle attendra,  
Mais s'il en fait son ennemie,  
Je me doubt que dure escremie  
Lui rende, si qu'ailleurs a fait.  
S'ilz resistant heure ne demie,  
Mal ira, je croy, de son fait,

I don't know if Paris will hold up (for they have not arrived there yet), nor whether it is prepared for the Maid. But if it makes her its enemy I'm afraid she will attack it harshly, as she has done elsewhere. If they resist for an hour, or even half an hour, they will be in trouble, I believe,



54

Car ens entrera, qui qu'en groingne!  
- **La Pucelle** lui a promis.  
Paris, tu cuides que *Bourgoingne*  
Defende qu'il ne soit ens mis?  
Non fera, car ses ennemis  
Point ne se fait. Nul n'a puissance  
Qui l'en gardast, et tu soubmis  
Seras, et ton oultrecuidance!

For the king will enter it – whether they like it or not! **The Maid** has promised him that much. **Paris**, do you think the *Burgundians* will keep him from entering? By no means they won't, for he does not present himself as their enemy; no one has the power to prevent it, and you and your presumption will be subdued!

## 55

0 Paris tresmal conseillie!  
 Folz habitans sans confiance!  
 Ayme[s]-tu mieulz estre essillié  
 Qu'à ton prince faire accordance?  
 Certes, ta grant contrariance  
 Te destruira, se ne t'avises!  
 Trop mieulx te feust par suppliance  
 Requerir mercy. Mal y vises!

O ill-advised Paris, you have received bad advice! Foolish inhabitants without confidence! Would you rather be laid waste than make peace with your prince? If you don't watch out your great contrariness will surely destroy you! You'd be much better off if you humbly begged for mercy. You are making a mistake!

## 56

J'entens des mauvais, car des bons  
 Y a maint, je n'en fais pas doubte,  
 Mais parler n'osent, j'en respons,  
 A qui moult il desplaist sans doubté  
 Que leur prince ainsi on deboute.  
 Si n'auront pas ceulx deservie  
 La punition où se boute  
 Paris, où maint perdront la vie.

I am speaking about the bad inhabitants, for there are also many good people there-in Paris, I have no doubt. But they don't dare to speak out. I am sure that it displeases them that one has cast down their prince like that. These people will not have deserved the punishment Paris is heading for, where many will lose their lives.





57

Et vous, toutes villes rebelles,  
 Et gens qui avez regnié  
 Vostre seigneur, et ceulx et celles  
 Qui pour autre l'avez nié,  
 Or soit après aplaniè  
 Par doulceur, requerant pardon!  
 Car se vous este[s] manié  
 A force, à tart vendrez au don.

And you, all you rebel towns, and you  
 people who have renounced thy lord, you  
 men and women who have transferred your  
 allegiance to another, may everything now  
 be settled in peace, with you beseeching his  
 pardon. For if you must be subdued by  
 force, his generosity will come too late for  
 you... or not at all – *never*.

58

Et qu'i[l] ne soit occision  
 Faite, retarde tant qu'il puet,  
 Ne sur char d'omme incision,  
 Car de sang espandre se deult.  
 Mais, au fort, qui rendre ne veult  
 Par bel et doulceur ce qu'est sien,  
 Se par force en effusion  
 De sang le recouvre, il fait bien.

And to avoid killing and wounding people  
 [*the king*] delays as long as he can, for it  
 grieve him to spill blood. But, finally, if  
 people won't give up peacefully what is  
 rightfully his, if he recovers it by force and  
 bloodshed, he is justified.

59

*Helas!* Il est si debonnaire  
 Qu'à chascun il veult pardonner!  
 Et **la Pucelle** lui fait faire,  
 Qui ensuit Dieu. Or ordonner  
 Vueillez voz cueurs et vous donner  
 Comme loyaulx François à lui!  
 Et quant on l'orra sermonner  
 N'en serés reprins de nulluy.

Alas, he is so magnanimous *that* he wants to  
 pardon everyone. And, it is **the Maid**,  
 faithful servant of God's commands, makes  
 him do this; give yourselves and your hearts  
 to him as loyal Frenchmen! And when he  
 speaks the news, you will not be blamed by  
 anyone.

60

Si pry Dieu qu'Il mecte en courage  
 A vous tous qu'ainsy le faciez,  
 Afin que le cruel orage  
 De ces guerres soit effaciez,  
 Et que vostre vie passiez  
 En paix, soubz vostre chief greigneur,  
 Si que jamais ne l'offensiez  
 Et que vers vous soit bon seigneur.

Amen

I pray to God *that* He will put it in your  
 hearts to act this way, so *that* the cruel  
 tempest of these wars will be obliterated  
 from memory, and *that* you can spend your  
 lives in peace, under your supreme ruler,  
 and *that* you may never offend him, and *that*  
 he may be a good overlord to you.

Amen.





Donné ce Ditié par Christine,  
 L'an dessusdit mil CCCC  
 Et XXIX, le jour où fine  
 Le mois de juillet. Mais j'entens  
 Qu'aucuns se tendront mal contens  
 De ce qu'il contient, car qui chiere  
 A embrunche, et les yeux pesans,  
 Ne puet regarder la lumiere.

This poem was finished by Christine in the above-mentioned year 1429, on the day that ends July. But I understand *that* some people will not be satisfied with its contents, for if one's head is lowered and one's eyes are heavy one cannot look at the light.

Here ends a most beautiful poem written by Christine.











*Jehanne d'Arc – a poem in eight cantos by  
St. Thérèse de Lisieux, 1894*



**I. THE SHEPHERDESS OF DOMRÉMY HEARKENING TO HER VOICES.**

**Jehanne – the Shepherdess of Domrémy**

Happy, happy am I,  
Jehanne the shepherdess!  
How swift my lambkins fly  
To meet my kind caress.

How light my little crook;  
How cool this verdant grove,  
Beside whose babbling brook  
In solitude I rove.

A lovely crown I weave  
Of field-flowers, fair and sweet;  
What joy is mine to leave  
That crown at Mary's feet!

O how I love the flowers,  
 The birds, the rippling stream,  
 The skies above these bowers  
 As fair as angels dream.

The valleys and the rills  
 Rejoice my longing eyes;  
 The summits of the hills  
 They seem to touch the skies!

But hark! What voices come  
 Upon the evening breeze?  
 Do angels seek my home  
 With melodies like these?

I question air and space,  
 I gaze into the skies;  
 And yet no slightest trace  
 Of angels greets my eyes.

Ah, past those clouds which bar  
 And veil these from my sight,  
 Wouldst I might fly away  
 To realms of radiant light!



**Sainte-Catherine of Alexandria and Sainte-Margaret of Antioch**

Thy pure sweet voice to heaven hath pierced, dear child,  
 From this time forth committed to our care.  
 Thine guardian angel, ever undefiled'  
 Hath borne to God on high thy earnest prayer.

Down from His Heavenly Palace we have flown,  
 From His High Court on Eternal Hill;  
 For by our voices He to thee makes known  
 His Holy Will.

Ye must go forth to save the Motherland,  
 To guard the faith, uphold God's honour here.  
 You – as a conqueror in His Sight shall stand,  
 Preserved by Him and by His Mother, dear!

*Jeanne begins to weep...*

O Dry thy tears; take comfort, tender-heart;  
 Beyond these clouds gaze... into Heaven's Delight;

In our ecstatic chants thou shalt have a part,  
Who shall by the Grace of God conquer in the fight.

These sweet refrains thy soul shall fortify  
Against approaching combat – fierce and dire.  
Jehanne! – You must suffer. Seen, therefore, from on high  
A love *that burns* like fire.

For thy soul pure, in life's long and dreary night,  
It's only glory... Christ's Cross to bear;  
And in Heaven's Endless Day, with splendor bright  
That cross shall shine all-radiant and fair.

### **Saint-Michael the Arch-Angel**

Michael, I am! – and guardian of France;  
Great captain of the Armies of the Sky;  
Against hell's troops I march with sword and lance:  
And the old serpent glares with curious eyes.  
Once Satan, far above the starry world,  
Desired to reign, higher than seraphs trod;  
But like a thunderbolt, I hurled at him these words:  
“O Who is like unto God?”  
At that same moment, vengeance, dread in Divinity  
Ope'd hell's abyss and tither thrust him deep:  
For that proud fallen angel, O no mercies shine;  
For him, what eyes shall weep?

Pride tore down Satan from his lofty place,  
And of that Morning-Star an outcast *was* made;  
But whence man, too, had trifled *with* God's Grace,  
Pity and comfort were to *him* displayed...  
The Eternal Word – the Father's equal – the Son,  
Clothing Him with poor humanity's *mortal flesh*,  
Back into His Father's Heart *our exiled souls* won  
By His Profound Humility.

Now that same Saviour designs to succor France  
But not by any mighty *soldier's* hand:  
He hath cast down the proud, and gives the conquering lance  
Into a child's frail hand.

Jehanne! God Hath Chosen thee *for* His Work to do!  
You must depart, obedient unto His Call;  
And to thy fields, thy flocks must bid adieu;  
To this dear vale, these woods, thy home, thy all...

Be strong and go forth to save the Motherland!  
Go forth – fear naught; all danger now despise.  
Go! in My Might I Shall Stand beside thee.  
See how thy foe before you flies.

Take thou this sword and bear it into the fray –  
Long hath God kept it for thy hand to bear.  
Take for thy standard, child! this pure white flag, *today*;  
Thence go – and find the king.



**Jehanne, alone...**

For Thee, alone, O God, I quit my father's side,  
 I leave my cherished friends, my parish church, so dear;  
 For Thee I leave my flocks, my valleys green-and-wide,  
 My peaceful home... to fight! – Forgive me if I fear.  
 Instead of my white lambs, I must lead armed men...  
 To Thee I sacrifice my joy – my eighteen years –  
 I shall not see, alas! these flowery fields again;  
 To serve Thee, Lord, I go – 'mid shields and swords and spears.  
 My voice that now mingles with the breath of soft breeze  
 Shall soon resound amid war's clamour – wild and drear;  
 The piercing, frightful cries of battle and of death  
 Instead of sweet church-bells, shall reach my straining ear.  
 Yet, I desire the cross; the sacrifice is light;  
 To suffer for Thee, Lord, ready and glad am I.  
 Now deign to call Thy child to this Sublime Delight.  
 Jesu, my Love – my All – for Thee I long to die.

**Saint.-Michael the Arch-Angel**

You must *now* depart, O Jehanne. – The time hath come...  
 It is the Lord Who Arms ye for the fray.  
 Soon thou shalt beholden Our Blest, Eternal Home!  
 Daughter of God! Fear not *to die today...*

**Saint-Margaret of Antioch**

Thou, child! – With Him shalt reign above!

**Saint-Catherine of Alexandria**

Where'er goeth the Lamb; thy Virgin Soul shalt also go.

**The two saints, together:**

Like us, you, too, shalt sing *of* the Love  
 And Power of God Most High, where crystal streamlets flow...

**Saint-Michael the Arch-Angel**

Thy name, O Jehanne! on Heaven's Scroll is places,  
 With all who died *so* that France might live for aye...  
 There shall thy brow with Glory's Crown be graced,  
 Like royal queen upon her nuptial day.

**The saints, offering the palm and the crown to Jehanne**

With joy our loving eyes do see  
 The radiance *that* even now upon thy head streams down  
 And from High Heaven we bring to thee...

**Saint-Catherine of Alexandria**

The martyrs' glorious palm...

**Saint-Margaret of Antioch**

The martyr's crown...



**Saint-Michael the Arch-Angel, presenting the sword**

Before the victory must quick becometh ye fight,<sup>3</sup>  
 Not yet the crown, nor yet the palm can be.  
 Win them where honour doth defend the right;  
 Jehanne! Dost thou *but* hear the bugle call unto thee?

**The saints, together**

We shall guard thee throughout the fray,  
 And splendid victories shalt thine banner grace.  
 On thy pure brow, O happy day,  
 Our hands the Glorious Aureole shalt place.

<sup>3</sup> *The sword she had recovered from the church altar of Sainte-Catherine-de-Fierbois.*

**Jehanne, alone...**

With you, Dear Saints, no foe I fear;  
 Upon the Lord of Hosts I wait.  
 What time the battle draweth near,  
 His Arm shall bring deliverance great.  
 O How I love my Motherland,  
 France – eldest daughter of the cross:  
*That Love to sacrifice is fanned*  
*And for her I count as gain all loss.*

Ah, no! I fear not now to die,  
 Who *so* long, dear God, Thy Face to see.  
 Yet, as I go... O! hear my tender cry:  
 Comfort my mother tenderly!  
 And, thou, Saint-Michael, comfort me.

**Saint-Michael the Arch-Angel**

Hark! for already all the Elect in Heaven  
 Raise high their joyous chant, because they hear  
 The illustrious name of Martyr gladly given  
 By Rome's *great* Pontiff to this maid *so* dear.

I hear the universe declare  
 The virtues of this maid in warlike armour dressed;  
 I hear God Grant to her the rare  
 And grand and glorious title, ***Jehanne the Blest***

In those great days sore suff'ring France shall know,  
 And impious deeds shall make her fail and faint.  
 Then shalt thy glory, Jehanne, more splendid grow  
 And all pure souls shall then invoke ye Sainte.

*The voices mount towards the skies  
 Mingling with angel-choirs, whose songs our hope enhance...*

**The Angelic Choir**

O Jehanne d'Arc – hear our cries!  
 A second time... A second time, save France!



## II. Hymn of Jeanne D'Arc after Her Victories

All Honour and Glory Be  
 To Thee – Eternal King of kings!  
 For Thou hast given the victory  
 To me... a frail and feeble creature.

And thou, dear Mother, pure as snow  
 Most Lovely Star, sublimely bright!  
 O Thou hast been myne light below...  
 Protecting me in **Danger's Night**:  
 Thou, Queen, whose glories ne'er shall fail,  
 When shall myne eyes Yine Splendour beholden?  
 Whence shalt I rest beneath Thy Veil?  
 Ne'er again to part from Thee!  
 Ave Maria... Sancta Mater de Dieu: Ave!

My **exiled spirit** fain wouldest fly  
 To heavenly joys that have no end;  
 Naught here its needs can sanctify –  
 It craves for God, its' perfect Friend:  
 But, ere **that sweet reward** begin,  
 I long to combat for Him here – now,  
 And for Him **unnumbered souls** win;  
 And find Him dearer and most dear:  
 My exile [ ] shall pass away  
 As the day passes and is gone;  
 Then, ups the radiant, sunlit way,  
 My happy soul shall hasten on  
 To see my God in **Endless Day**.





### III. *Prayer of Jeanne D'Arc in Prison*

My voices this foretold: I am a prisoner here.  
 No aid can I expect, except, my God, from Thee;  
 For Love of Thee alone, I left my father *dear*;  
 My flower-decked fields, blue skies, my flocks no more I see...  
 For Thee, I left my home and her whom gave me birth;  
 Then, lifting in my hand the Standard of Thy Choice –  
 Lord, in Thy Holy Name, I led Thy Army forth,  
 And far-famed generals then gave credence to Thy Voice.

Behold! my recompense – this gloomy prison-place,  
 The price of all my toils, my prayers, my blood, my tears!  
 No more my flowery fields my longing eyes shall face,  
 Nor shall I see the home of all my childhood years.  
 No more shall I behold mountains far away.  
 Whose distant summits seemed to pierce the azure sky...  
 And I shall no more hear the church-bells sweetly play.  
 How soft upon the air those *holy notes* swept by!

Here, in this gloomy cell, the star I seek in vain,  
 Which [ ] at Vesper Hour shines so clear and fair;





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In vain I seek the leaves, that when upon the plain  
Beside my flock I slept, gave cooling shelter thee-at.

Here, whence at last I sleep after long bitter weeping,  
Of morning's flowers I dream, and perfumes of the dawn;  
But then my clanking chains disturb *that* happy sleeping –  
I wake – my dream is past – the verdant fields are gone.

Lord! for Thy Love I go, martyrdom to embrace;  
For Thee I dare to meet the Lingering Death of Fire.  
Now but one wish is mine – to see Thee face-to-face;  
No more to part from Thee – behold! My Heart's Desire!  
To die for Love of Thee! "What happier lot than this?"  
I will take up my cross and walk where Thou Hast Trod.  
AH! How I long to die and enter into bliss.  
Ah! How I long to die and, thus, to beholden myne God!





ILLUSTRATION BY

JOSEPH TATE





#### IV. THE VOICES OF JEANNE D'ARC DURING HER MARTYRDOM

We have come down from *Heaven's Eternal Height*  
 To smile on thee and bear thee to thy rest;  
 See in our hands the *Immortal Crown of Light*,  
 Designed to grace thy brow, O maiden blest!

Come with us, virgin pure and fair:  
 O Come where Saints and martyrs trod;  
 Come unto joys beyond compare,  
 Come unto life most fair, *Daughter of God*.

Hot burns the fire about thy tender frame,  
 But far more hotly burns thy *Holy Love*...  
 Soon Christ will call thee to Him by *thy name*,  
 And heavenly dews shall soothe from above.

An angel comes to set thee free  
 From every pain; from torture wild:  
 Behold! The palm descends to thee.  
 Look up! Thy Saviour see,  
 Great-hearted Child.

O Virgin-martyr! – one brief moment's pain  
 Thou shalt conduct to Heaven beside thy Lord.  
 Thy death saves France. See! – Heaven opens *again*  
 To her lost children ransomed by thy sword.

##### Jehanne Dying

To my eternal home I fly;  
 Angelic faces meet my view  
 In God's great Name for France – I die!  
 O Mary, now be nigh:  
 "Jesu! Jesu!"



## V. THE DIVINE JUDGMENT

I answer from My Throne – O voice which calleth My Name.  
 I break *thy* iron-bands, thy bitter foes I shame.  
 Fly, fly thou – pure white dove – to Me, thy Spouse, thy King.  
 Come, reign with Me in heaven, where Saints thy praise shall sing.

O Jehanne, thy angel brings thee Grace;  
 And I, the Judge of *all thy race*  
 Beside My [ ] Throne give thee place  
 And thus proclaim:  
 Even in thee I saw Love's Holy Flame.

Thou shalt be crowned. – O Come to Me!  
 Thy tears My Hand shall wipe away;  
 My Kiss Divine I give to thee;  
 I crown with joy thy grief to-day.

With thy companions come  
 To My Eternal Home;  
 In heavenly valleys roam,  
 Following the Lamb.

Soul well-beloved by Me,  
 Lo! – I have ransomed thee!  
 Sing the New Song and be  
 Where'er I Am...

Past is thy fleeting shame.  
 Angels exalt thy name,  
 Singing thy Saintly Fame,  
 Close to My Throne.

AH! – Timid shepherdess!  
 Virgin in warrior's dress!  
 Thy name the world shall bless;  
 Heavenward blown...

Ah! – Timid shepherdess!  
 Virgin in warrior's dress!  
 All Heaven is now thine *own*...





## VI. THE CANTICLE OF TRIUMPH: THE SAINTS TO JEANNE D'ARC

The Immortal Crown to thee, O Jehanne! – We bear;  
Thou martyr of *high* God! – To thee the palm we bring;  
A glorious throne for thee our loving hands prepare,  
Beside the King:  
Rest now in heaven at last; rest now in heaven pure bride,  
Escaped forevermore from every net and snare.  
In endless peace behold! – the living waters glide  
'Mid fields bestrewn with flowers most fair...  
Take thou thy flight; expand thy wings of snow;  
For swiftly shalt thou speed from star to golden star:  
Through heaven's eternal space – all joyous shalt thou go...  
Fly now afar!  
No cruel foes are here; no gloomy prison walls;  
The Shining Seraph hosts thee hail their sister's blest;  
For thee, O spouse of Christ, thy Well-Beloved calls.  
Find now with Him Eternal Rest!

**Jehanne**

He is my own... what ecstasy divine!  
All Heaven is my own!

**The Saints**

All Heaven is thine own!

**Jehanne**

The angels and saints, Mary and God, are mine.  
They are mine own...

**The Saints**

Upon the far-off earth ages have passed away,  
Since thou didst pass from thence to Heaven's Eternal Joy,  
A thousand years in Heaven seem but one passing moment...  
O Endless day *without alloy*!

**Jehanne**

O endless day without cloud nor shade,  
No power can snatch from me Thy Glory All-Divine!  
The passing show of earth from out of my sight doth fade...  
And Heaven is mine.

**The Saints**

All Heaven is thine...











## VII. PRAYER OF FRANCE TO THE VENERABLE JEANNE D'ARC

In heaven remember, Jehanne, your Motherland;  
 Remember all Her valleys decked with flowers;  
 Recall the smiling plains, the mountains grand,  
 You left, to dry Her Tears, *in other hours*.  
 Remember how your arm saved France from deadly foes;  
 How, like an Angel sent from Heaven, you cured Her woes!  
 Hear, in Her night of pain,  
 France call on you *again*:  
 Remember now!

Remember those great victories you won:  
 Rheims, Orléans – those memorable days,  
 When, in God's Name, grand deeds by you were done,  
 Crowning your land with laurels and with bays...  
 Now, far away from you, I suffer and sigh:  
 Come, once again to save... who once for me didst die!  
 Deign now to break my chains,  
 And all my present pains...  
 Remember now!



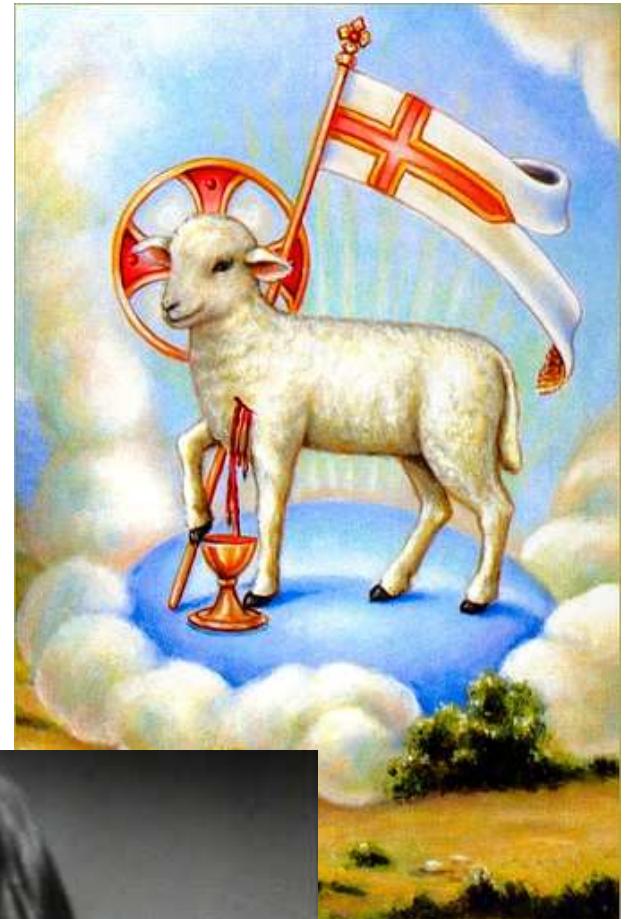
My arms with fetters bound, to you I cry,  
Dim are my eyes with tears, O bring relief!  
No longer great among earth's queens am I,  
And my own children pierce my heart with grief.  
No more for God they care. – Their mothers they despise.  
O Jehanne, compassionate my myriad miseries!  
Daughter of Noble Heart,  
O come and take my part...  
I Hope *in thee*.











### **VIII Canticle to Obtain the Canonization of the Venerable Jehanne D'Arc**

Thy Church, O conquering God! through all the earth,  
Begs Thee to crown with the *saints royal crown*,  
A virgin, martyr, warrior, *whose true worth*  
In Heaven's High Courts e'en now hath renown.

Our tumults calm;  
Her cause advance!  
The halo and the palm

Given unto Jehanne of France!

For **guilty France** we do not ask from Thee  
 A mighty conqueror with mail-clad horde...  
 Far better help Jehanne's prayer can gain than he...  
**One martyr doth outshine all heroes O Lord.**

Jehanne is Thy glorious handiwork alone;  
 A heart of fire, a Soldier's Soul of Steel,  
 Thou gavest to Thine handmaid, all Thine own,  
 With **lily and laurel crowned**, for woe or weal.

Beside her flock she heard the *High Command* –  
**Voices from Heaven** called her into the fray;  
 So she left all, to save *her* Motherland;  
 Conquered by her, the foe fled far away.

To martial hosts she brought God's Saving Grace;  
 Her eyes like heaven, her words like burning flame,  
 Her holiness like theirs whom have seen God's Holy Face:  
 Bowed, sinful souls, in penitence and shame...

(O Marvel ne'er before in history told!)  
 A kingdom's crown and glory *all* undone,  
 From the strong grasp of the invader bold...  
 By a young maiden's feeble arm are won.

Not thy great victories, O Jehanne so blest!  
 Thy countrymen to celebrate are come;  
 But thy true glories here they wouldest attest,  
 Thy purity, thy love, thy martyrdom...

Though she saved France, hers was yet loftier grace,  
 The Gift Christ Gave to those who loved Him best,  
 Beside His Cross to have the nearest place,  
 He Gave to Jehanne, before he gave her rest.

**In that Last Torture of Consuming Fire**  
 She heard *her* "voices" speak once more – her name...  
 And left earth's exile for her Heart's Desire...  
 Angel of France! – Up that steep path of flame.

Daughter of God! – Deign now *our voices* to hear...  
 Descend to us with thy sweet heavenly glance...  
 Come, and convert the Land-so-dear to thee.  
 A second time; a second time, save France.

By God's Great Power  
In thee displayed,  
Save France! O Come, save France;  
O Thou, saintly warrior-maid.

Glorious – O thou, strong child of God! wast thou?  
Whence English hosts to meet thee did not dare!  
Yet, in thy father's fields – Remember now?  
Once weak and tender lambs were in thy care...

Of all the weak  
Be the defense!  
In hearts of children meek,  
Preserve their innocence!

Sweet martyr! Keep our covenants in thy care!  
Our virgins are thy sisters, each thine own;  
And like to thine the object of their prayer –  
To see God reign in every heart alone.

To their desire,  
All souls to save.  
Now let them share thy fire –  
Apostle, martyr brave!

When **HOLY CHURCH TRIUMPHANT** shall give thee *crown and palm*,  
“How swiftly e'er fear in us shall faint.”  
Then can we sing in loud and rapturous psalm  
To Jehanne – *our* virgin, martyr, warrior-saint.

God grant us HOPE  
Through thee today!  
Saint Jehanne; Saint Jehanne of France;  
Pray for thy country, pray!

St. Thérèse de Lisieux  
1894





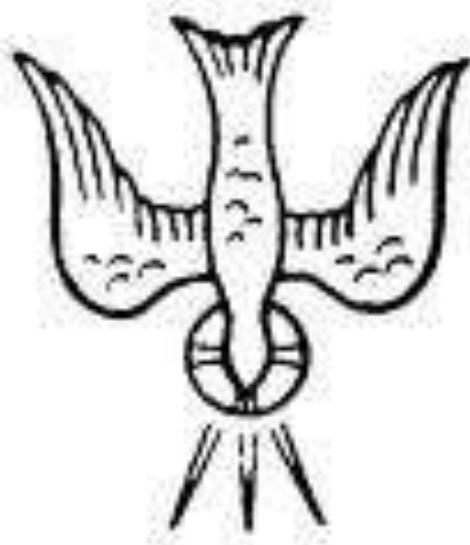


# HONNEUR A Jeanne d'Arc

O Toi qui as libéré  
La FRANCE  
de l'invasion Etrangère.

Protège  
l'âme de nos Enfants,  
Et Garde  
au coeur des  
Français,  
avec la Foi  
de nos Pères,  
l'Amour de la Patrie  
et le Suprême Espoir  
des Revanches futures.





## **Prayers to Ste-Jehanne d'Arc**



### ***Novena to Ste-Jehanne d'Arc***

*(Say once a day for nine days)*

Glorious Ste-Jehanne d'Arc, filled with compassion for those who invoke you, with love for those who suffer, heavily laden with the weight of my troubles, I kneel at your feet and humbly beg you to take my present need under your special protection... *(mention here)*.

Vouchsafe to recommend it to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and lay it before the throne of Jesus. Cease not to intercede for me until my request is granted. Above all, obtain for me the grace to one day meet God face to face and with you and Mary and all the angels and saints praise Him through all eternity.

O most powerful Ste-Jehanne d'Arc, do not let me lose my soul, but obtain for me the grace of winning my ways to heaven, forever and ever.

Amen. *Amon m'n*



## ***Prayer to Sainte Jehanne d'Arc***

*(Pray novena for 9 consecutive days)*

Opening prayer:

Eternal Father, you gave us Sainte Jehanne d'Arc through your infinite love and mercy for us. We humbly ask that you send down your Holy Spirit upon us, as Your Spirit is the intermediary by which the Word goes forth from your lips and reaches the ears of the faithful. Allow me to be a witness to your Son Jesus Christ just as Ste-Jehanne d'Arc was. Oh, Jesus, grant me the courage to do Thy Will that I may be in one accord with our Father in Heaven. I thank you for the gift of your love, which I hope to one day fully understand.

Petition Prayer:

Say 19 *Our Fathers*, followed by “*St. Joan of Arc, by your powerful intercession, hear and answer me.*”

When you finish, say the following prayer:

Saint Jehanne d'Arc, patron of France, my patron saint, I ask you now to fight this battle with me by prayer, just as you led your troops to victory in battle. You, who were filled with the Holy Spirit and chosen by God, help me this day with the favor I ask [*here say your intention*]. Grant me by your divine and powerful intercession, the courage and strength I need to endure this constant fight. O Ste-Jehanne, help me to be victorious in the tasks God presents to me. I thank you and ask you for your continuing protection of God's people.

Closing Prayer:

Sweet Sainte Jehanne, plead for me before the throne of almighty God that I may be deemed worthy to be granted the request I have asked. Help me, Sainte Jehanne, to be more like you in the attempt to love the Lord with all my heart, soul, and mind. Through your guidance and prayer help me to be a truly devout and loving Christian that I may both know and see the will of God. Help me now Sainte Jehanne, in my time of need. I ask that you may always be near me guiding me closer each day to Jesus.

Thank you Sainte Jehanne for having heard my prayer...

Amen. *Amon m'n*



### ***For Faith***

In the face of your enemies, in the face of harassment, ridicule, and doubt, you held firm in your faith. Even in your abandonment, alone and without friends, you held firm in your faith. Even as you faced your own mortality, you held firm in your faith. I pray *that* I may be as bold in my beliefs as you, Ste.-Jehanne. I ask *that* you ride alongside me in my own battles: Help me be mindful *that* what is worthwhile can be won when I persist. Help me hold firm in my faith. Help me believe in my ability to act well and wisely.

Amen. *Amon m'n*

### *Also, For Faith*

Sainte Jehanne d'Arc you are a timeless model for all men and women to follow. The impatience and frustration you showed with your generals and king shows *your* humanness that we can relate to in our own life and struggles. Help us in our daily life. You lived this statement to the fullest *that* “Christianity can be preached only by living it.” Help us do the same. I ask you for this special favor [*insert special favour here*].

Thank you.

Amen. *Amon m'n*



### ***A Prayer to Ste. Jehanne, La Pucelle –for Chastity***

Dear Ste.-Jehanne, my friend and patroness, I humbly ask for your prayers to help me stay chaste in mind, body and spirit, so that my virginity will be as sacred to me as it was to you. Help me abstain from all sexual sin and the harm it causes. Pray *that* I also may find the right woman to marry and start a family with. May she be beautiful inside and out and may she love me despite my past faults. May I be always in your prayers and may those prayers keep me in the Grace of God; for without God's Grace and your friendship, I would be lost. I love you, Jehanne and I thank you for your past prayers. May I make YOUR pray mine: “If I am not in the Grace of God may HE put me in it; if I am, may it please God to keep me there.”

Amen. *Amon m'n*

*Ryan Morton*



## ***Prayer to Sainte Jehanne D'Arc – For Healing***

*Composed by Andrea Oefinger*

Holy Saint Jehanne, compassionate to the sick and wounded, who, while on earth, nursed so many back to health, hear me. You who wished to see no one injured or in discomfort, pray for me and guide me through this difficult time. Daughter of God, wounded many times in battle, I petition you for healing (*here mention your request here*) so that I may be better able to serve God in whatever capacity HE wishes. Intercede for me.

It may not be in God's Will for my body to be healed, for my sufferings may help another or my own soul. If my request is not granted, help me to remain strong, and instead be healed emotionally and spiritually.

Amen. *Amon m'n*



## ***Prayer of Intercession***

*Composed by Louis, Bishop of Saint Dié*

God, who hath given to Jehanne of Domrémy to be valiant in the humble work of the house and the fields and generously faithful to all your calls:

Grant to us, by her intercession, to accomplish with faith all the works of our lives and to serve You courageously in our labors on the land, that we may earn a place with Jehanne and all the saints of France, in the Kingdom of heaven.

We ask this through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

Amen. *Amon m'n*



**Dear Sainte Jehanne d'Arc:**

I humbly ask you to help me to live as God wants me to. I would be happy if I had only a fraction of the love and kindness you had for your enemies as well as your friends. But most of all, I implore you to help me to obtain from God a spark of your great and endless love and faith so that I may truly love, serve and obey Him with my whole heart as you did to the very end of your holy life. May you always protect me and help me to stay pure in mind, body and spirit forever and ever.

Amen. *Amon m'n*

Composed by Virginia Lindsley, 7<sup>th</sup> grade





***PRAYER TO SAINTE JEHANNE D'ARC IN TIMES OF TROUBLE***

*Composed by Andrea Oefinger*

**SAINT JEHANNE D'ARC – GIVE ME STRENGTH!**

In this, my time of need, I beg thee to come to my aid.  
I humbly ask thee to help me bear my trials with honor,  
As I remember you in your earthly agonies.

**BLESSED JEHANNE, DUTY BOUND TO GOD, GIVE ME COURAGE!**

You who left family and friends to enter into God's service,  
Devout and valiant to uphold righteousness to the end,  
While being insulted and harmed by your enemies.

**HOLY JEHANNE, DAUGHTER OF GOD, GIVE ME FORTITUDE!**

Help me to prevail in life and death over evil,  
While bearing my injuries with the dignity you showed  
When wounded in the breast, head, thigh, and heel.

**PIOUS JEHANNE, HELP ME TO BE FEARLESS!**

Abandoned by the king you yourself had crowned,  
Captured and sold to the highest bidder,  
You put your trust in the King of Heaven to deliver you.

**VENERABLE JEHANNE, HELP ME TO BE UNWAVERING IN MY FAITH!**

Beaten, bruised, questioned and accused,  
You were denied that which you loved most:  
Communion, confession, mass and public prayer...

**HEROIC JEHANNE, HELP ME TO UPHOLD JUSTICE!**

Imprisoned, neglected, threatened and condemned,  
Sentenced to die as a heretic the cruelest death,  
To die by the fire and be raised up in heaven!

**GLORIOUS VIRGIN, PLEASE INTERCEDE FOR ME.**

Hear this petition and my heartfelt plea.  
Pray for me in this, my time of need,  
For I believe God will deny you nothing.

Amen. *Amon m'n*

*(Here mention your specific request.)*



### ***Prayer to Sainte Jehanne d'Arc***

*Composed by Sister Betsy Cheramie, BSC of Berryville, Arkansas*

Oh, Ste-Jehanne d' Arc, a little shepherdess, who later was to be called "the Maid" who would come to help the King of France and boldly lead the men-at-arms in freeing Orleans from the English, I ask of you to intercede for me through Jesus Christ Our Lord, with the fervor and faithfulness you had when trying to accomplish the mission God, Our Heavenly Father had set before you, through the voices of St.-Michael the Arch-Angel, St. Catherine and St. Margaret.

When on trial and asked, "Do you believe you are in a state of grace?" You replied, "If I am not, may God put me in it; and if I am, God keep me in it."

Ste-Jehanne d' Arc, Patroness of France, pray for me.





### ***Prayer to Saint Jeanne D'Arc***

*Prayer written in 1939 by the Bishop of Orleans, France*

O Jeanne, Holy Liberator of France, the powerful holy force in the days of old, as you said, "Peace would be found only at the point of a lance," who used the weapons of war when no other means were able to obtain a just Peace, take care and help today those who do not want to do violence and patiently try to employ all possible peaceful means of resolution, but now allow the violence of war.

Return, O great hearted Daughter of God, and wage war against the enemies of the people of France and the people of England, with whom you yourself wished an alliance for the good of humanity. Both nations are now raised for the defense of what you would have defended: Justice between nations! Both peoples wish to crush the rebirth of barbarism as they raise this cry which is yours: Christianity must continue!

Heroine of Orleans – transmit to our leaders your talent to inspire *your* soldiers to accomplish great deeds of valor, in order that our soldiers' efforts will come to a rapid and successful end.

Triumphant One of Reims, prepare for us the just peace under the shield of a force that will be henceforth vigilant!

Martyr of Rouen, be near to all the soldiers who fall in battle, in order to support, console, and help them and those dear ones that they leave behind.

Saint of the Country, excite in all souls, in every home of the world, the zeal to contribute to the salvation of the world and the return of peace, works which you crave, the rediscovery of a more Christian life, through holy thoughts and actions, forgiveness and persistent prayer, that as you yourself once said, "**God must be served first.**"

Amen. *Amon m'n*



Sainte Jeanne d'Arc, pray for us that we, like you, may receive the merciful gift of courage from Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, to learn and do His Will: Saint Jeanne d'Arc, pray for us that we, like you, may remain pure and steadfast in the face of all the temptations that we must endure in everyday life. Saint Jeanne d'Arc, pray for us that we, like you, may never lose sight of God's will, though we are persecuted and castigated by the world. And, finally, Saint Jeanne d'Arc, shepherdess, liberator and martyr, pray that we, also like you, may never lose our humanity and sense of humor in pursuing Our Lord's will.

*Michael Fantina*



### *From The Hymn*

Raising the people out of profound misery, thou hast accomplished  
miracles, O, generous virgin!  
With right shall the generations call thee through the centuries, "Mother of  
our Country."  
The greatest reward remains the best. – New work and new triumph call  
thee.  
God in sending for thee gave thee new strength and the crown.  
To Him who gave salvation to the oppressed, the thrice blessed Lord, let  
us offer our praises, so that France shall live forever through the many  
merits of her patron.





***From The Latin Breviary***

For May 30<sup>th</sup>

- 1) This is Jehanne, a most pious and simple maiden, who much feared the Lord, and of whom no one ever said an evil word.
- 2) The Lord raised her up, and behold the maiden was clad in the armor of God, so that she might withstand the snares of the enemy.
- 3) Her loins girt with verity and covered with the laurels of justice, she took up the shield and helmet of salvation.
- 4) And behold she raised her hand to the people and showed the nations the miracle of the Lord, so as to put the adversary to flight. Alleluia!
- 5) The angel guarded her; and when going and when stopping, and when returning, as well as in the midst of the fire, he never abandoned her.

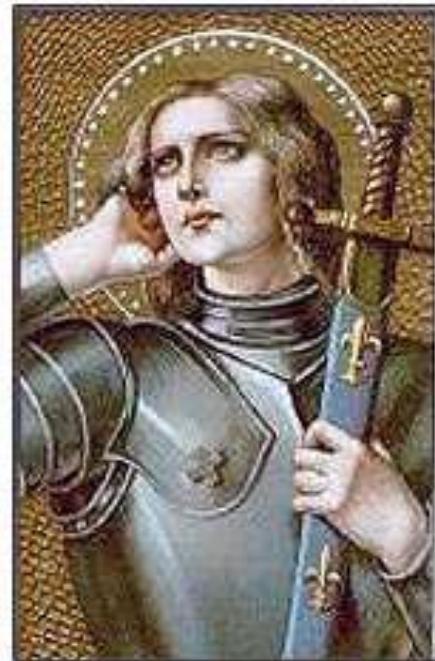
Alleluia!



***Die Jungfrau von Orléans – The Maid of Orléans***

A tragedy by Friedrich Schiller, written in 1801

Das edle Bild der Menschheit zu verhöhnern, to mock the noble image of humanity,  
 Im tiefsten Staube wälzte dich der Spott, In the depths of the dust you rolled the mockery,  
 Krieg führt der Witz auf ewig mit dem Schönen, War of the joke takes forever with the beautiful,  
 Er glaubt nicht an den Engel und den Gott, He does not believe in angels and God,  
 Dem Herzen will er seine Schätze rauben, The heart he wants to steal his treasures,  
 Den Wahn bekriegt er und verletzt den Glauben. He fought against the madness and hurt the faith.  
 Doch, wie du selbst, aus kindlichem Geschlechte, But, like yourself, out of childish race,  
 Selbst eine fromme Schäferin wie du, Even a pious shepherdess like you,  
 Reicht dir die Dichtkunst ihre Götterrechte, Reaches you the poetry of their gods rights  
 Schwingt sich mit dir den ewgen Sternen zu, Swings with you to the eternal stars,  
 Mit einer Glorie hat sie dich umgeben, With a halo around them to you,  
 Dich schuf das Herz, du wirst unsterblich leben. You created the heart, you'll live forever.  
 Es liebt die Welt, das Strahlende zu schwärzen It loves the world, to blacken the radiant  
 Und das Erhabne in den Staub zu ziehn, And to draw the sublime into the dust  
 Doch fürchte nicht! But fear not! Es gibt noch schöne Herzen, There are beautiful heart,  
 Die für das Hohe, Herrliche entglühn, The entglühn for High, Glorious,  
 Den lauten Markt mag Momus unterhalten, The market may be entertained Momus  
 Ein edler Sinn liebt edlere Gestalten. A noble mind loves noble figures.



***To Jehanne D'Arc***

When the Lord God of Hosts gave you the victory,  
 you drove out the foreigner and had the king crowned.  
 Jehanne, your name became renowned in history.  
 Our greatest conquerors paled before you.  
 But that was only a fleeting glory.  
 Your name needed a Saint's halo.  
 So the Beloved offered you His bitter cup,  
 and, like Him, you were spurned by men.  
 At the bottom of a black dungeon, laden with heavy chains,  
 the cruel foreigner filled you with grief.  
 Not one of your friends took part in your pain.  
 Not one came forward to wipe your tears.  
 Jehanne, in your dark prison you seem to me  
 more radiant, more beautiful than at your King's coronation.  
 This heavenly reflection of eternal glory  
 which thence brought it upon you? It was betrayal.  
 Ah! If the God of Love in this Valley of Tears  
 had not come to seek betrayal and death,  
 Suffering would hold no attraction for us.  
 Now we love it; it is our treasure.



### *Angelus of Jehanne D'Arc*

Saint Michael the Arch-Angel announced to Jehanne *that* she would save France, by first serving the King of Heaven.

***“Here I am; the daughter of God. – I was born for this.”***

And, in less than a year, *by* the audacity of Jehanne and *through* the power of God, Orléans was delivered and the King of France was blessed and crowned at Reims. (I salute you, Jehanne la Pucelle. Jesus and Mary were your aides. You are blessed among all the daughters of France and your advice is blessed.)

Saint Jehanne d'Arc, patron and guardian of the country, by the incessant prayer [of] our country [may we] become truly French and Christian and discover its unity.

Amen. *Amon m'n*

Pray for us, Saint Jehanne d'Arc, that we may all be worthy of our mission.

LET US PRAY:

O God, Who hath so Loved France, You have raised up *this unique* Jehanne d'Arc. We beg You by Jesus and Mary to make us share in her clear good sense, her hardy courage, her freshness of soul, her joyous gift of self, her willingness to serve You and her lively love of Your Son and His mother.

Amen. *Amon m'n*



### *A Prayer of Sainte-Therese Patroness of France*

*(Since, with Saint Joan of Arc, Saint Therese of the Child Jesus is proclaimed as patroness of France the following prayer was addressed to her.)*

Powerful patron of France, asked by the Immaculate Virgin, Queen of France, to save her privileged nation, return to us with Saint Martin of Tours, Saint Louis, King of France, with Saint Genevieve, the patroness of Paris and Saint Jehanne d'Arc, to drive the Spirit of Darkness from the Kingdom. [For] We do not want Satan the adversary, the spirit of revolt and unbelief to rule over us. But we want the Prince of Peace to rule over us, Jesus our only Master and well beloved Savior.

Amen. *Amon m'n*



### ***A Prayer Composed by the Sisters of Sainte Jeanne d'Arc***

O Sainte Jeanne d'Arc, courageous woman soldier, called by God to fight and save your country from the enemy; grant that I, like you, may hear God's call in my life and have the courage to follow it faithfully, as priest, religious, married or single.

May your motto: "My God must be first served," be mine also; so that through me, He may build His kingdom here on earth.

Intercede to the Master of the Harvest, that He may send laborers into His Harvest.  
Sainte Jeanne d'Arc, pray for us.

Amen. *Amon m'n*



### ***A Soldiers Prayer to Ste-Jehanne d'Arc***

Ste-Jehanne d'Arc, humble maiden of France, your heavenly Father miraculously endowed you with every military skill and knowledge, and raised you up as the Commander of the armies of France for the blessing of His Church, the protection of His people, and the glory of His Holy Name. By your merits and prayers may God also endow all military men and women with every military skill and knowledge necessary for his station of duty: May his mission always be righteous, and his actions always be courageous, compassionate, and just. And just as you showed your ardent love for Jesus in offering up your life for Him, so may they fulfill all that their duty requires.

Ste-Jehanne d'Arc pray for us that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

*Amen. Amon m'n*

*Written by Gregory Lobas of Berea, Ohio – (30 May 2001)*



### ***A Prayer to Sainte Jehanne d'Arc, La Pucelle***

“Valiant Ste-Jehanne, Maid of Orleans, to you I offer this prayer in hope that you may guide me in the virtues of courage, patience, leadership, and trust in God’s will.”

*Ste-Jehanne, as a saint of the Catholic Church, serves as an example of how a person should offer themselves as a dwelling place for God. She personified the four “cardinal virtues”: prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance (Catechism 1805). By aspiring to be like her in virtue is to become closer to God. We can ask her for intercession for ourselves and the whole world (see Catechism 2683, 2684). Our devotion to Ste-Jehanne, who dwells in heaven, brings us closer to Christ and, in being more closely united to Christ, we fix the whole Church more firmly in holiness (Catechism 956, 957).*

“Inspire me from this hour forth to accept God’s will unquestioningly, just as you did when obeying the saintly voices of His messengers in the fields of Domrémy.”

*Ste-Jehanne heard and listened to the Voice of God through Saints Catherine, Marguerite, and Michael the Arch-Angel; she has said that she first heard the voices while a child in her birthplace, Domrémy. Ste-Jehanne had complete faith in her messengers’ commands and brought them to fruition, despite great opposition.*

“Pray for me to be compassionate, serving God by serving those who are downtrodden and poor in spirit. Obtain for me the strength and courage to defend God’s mission of love and justice and to lead by the example of piety, truth, forgiveness, and faith unwavering.”

*Ste-Jehanne, in following God’s commands, served her countrymen who had been oppressed by the English. Her cause led her into battle where she continued to honor God by encouraging purity and morality from her fellow soldiers. Ste-Jehanne fulfilled God’s mission through justice – the moral virtue that consists in the constant and firm will to give their due to God and neighbor; establishing harmony that promotes equity with regard to persons and to the common good. She, by honoring God’s commandments, fulfills his foremost law: love.*

“Come to my aid as I pray ardently for God’s mercy, remembering to forgive others, even in times of persecution. Dauntless Warrior Saint, beseech our heavenly Father, in honor of His Holy Passion, to grant me the courage to speak truth in the face of adversity and the initiative to step forth in spiritual battle for Him.”

*Ste-Jehanne exhibited mercy in battle, giving her opponents opportunity to retreat in peace. In captivity, she bore her wrongful imprisonment patiently. She remained faithful to God. In her trial, Jehanne spoke what she knew to be God’s truth despite the threat of torture and death. Jehanne, by acting upon her Voices’ commands, stepped forth in spiritual battle for Him and continued to defend His mission to her death.*

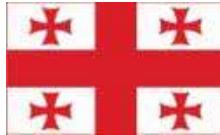
*This paragraph of the prayer also contains reference to a prayer Jehanne recited in her trial, which contains the phrase, “in honor of Your Holy Passion” – on March 28 – regarding guidance in how to answer her judges about dressing in men’s clothing.*

“O chaste and steadfast Maid, galvanize my spirit that I may strive in each moment to be placed in God’s grace. And may I recall that, like you in battle, I am to be a soldier for the Lord in this life, for it is He who shall give victory.”

*St. Jehanne exhibited the virtue of chastity during her life. She vowed virginity for as long as it would please God. In being chaste, a virtue that let her love with an upright and undivided heart, she also achieved purity of intention (seeking to fulfill God’s Will in everything), purity of vision (refusing complicity in impure thoughts that turn us aside from God’s path), and purity of heart (“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God) (Catechism 2518-2520). This paragraph also contains references to Jehanne’s response to her trial judges when asked if she was in God’s Grace. Jehanne’s response was: “If I am not, may it please God to put me in it; if I am, may it please God to keep me there.” Her reply adhered to Catholic doctrine that grace escapes our experience and cannot be known except by faith, that we cannot rely on our feelings or our works to conclude that we are justified and saved (Catechism 2005). There is also a reference to her response to her examiners in Poitiers when questioned about the need for soldiers in fulfilling God’s Will to deliver France: “In God’s name! The soldiers will fight, and God will give the victory!” Each of us can view ourselves as soldiers in a lifelong battle to fulfill God’s Will, to overcome the evils of this world. It is our duty as His children to devote our lives to the Glory of His Kingdom.*

***Valiant St. Jehanne, Maid of Orleans***

Valiant St. Jehanne, Maid of Orleans, to you I offer this prayer in hope that you may guide me in the virtues of courage, patience, leadership, and trust in God's will.



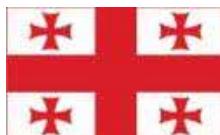
Inspire me from this hour forth to accept God's will unquestioningly, just as you did when obeying the saintly voices of His messengers in the fields of Domremy.



Pray for me to be compassionate, serving God by serving those who are downtrodden and poor in spirit. Obtain for me the strength and courage to defend God's mission of love and justice and to lead by the example of piety, truth, forgiveness, and faith unwavering.



Come to my aid as I pray ardently for God's mercy, remembering to forgive others, even in times of persecution. Dauntless Warrior Saint, beseech Our Heavenly Father, in honor of His Holy Passion, to grant me the courage to speak truth in the face of adversity and the initiative to step forth in spiritual battle for Him.



O chaste and steadfast Maid, galvanize my spirit that I may strive in each moment to be placed in God's grace. And may I recall that, like you in battle, I am to be a soldier for the Lord in this life, for it is He who shall give victory.

*Jhesus Maria*



“If anyone desires to come after Me,  
Let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.  
Luke 9:23

### ***Prayer to the Wound of Jesus' Shoulder***

*(It is related in the annals of Clairvaux that St.-Bernard asked Our Lord which was His greatest unrecorded suffering, and Our Lord answered: “I had on My Shoulder, while I bore My cross on the Way of Sorrows, a grievous Wound, which was more painful than the others, and which is not recorded by men. Honor this Wound with thy devotion, and I will grant thee whatsoever thou dost ask through Its Virtue and Merit. And in regard to all those who shall venerate this Wound, I will remit to them all their venial sins, and will no longer remember their mortal sins.”)*

O most loving Jesus, meek Lamb of God, I, a miserable sinner, salute and worship the most sacred Wound of Thy Shoulder on which Thou didst bear Thy heavy cross, which so tore Thy Flesh and laid bare Thy Bones as to inflict on Thee an anguish greater than any other wound of Thy most blessed Body. I adore Thee, O Jesus most sorrowful; I praise and glorify Thee, and give Thee thanks for this most sacred and painful Wound, beseeching Thee by that exceeding pain, and by the crushing burden of Thy heavy cross, to be merciful to me, a sinner, to forgive me all my mortal and venial sins, and to lead me on toward heaven along the Way of the Cross.

Amen. *Amon m'n*

“Whosoever does not bear his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple.”  
Luke 14:27

Always the first into the worst of the fighting, Jehanne was frequently wounded, and when wounded, she cried with pain as many of us [ ] as struck on the head by a stone cannonball while climbing a scaling ladder (at Jargeau). Jehanne was wounded twice in battle: The first was when she was hit in the chest above her breast by an arrow at Orleans. The second was when she was struck in the thigh by a bolt from a crossbow at the Battle of Paris.

7 May 1429: A bitter struggle for the English-held fortifications at Les Tourelles

To the French she was a saint, but to the superstitious English she was a heretical witch. Two days after her triumph in Orléans, she led 4000 soldiers in a sortie. Jehanne had predicted that she would be wounded by an arrow above her breast. In the afternoon [ ]: In the midst of battle Jehanne had her foot on the first rung of a scaling ladder when a winging arrow plunged through her shoulder, close to her neck. Her knights carried her from the field and cut the iron tip off the arrow. Jehanne tugged the shaft out of her flesh herself, climbed up on her horse, and rode back to victory... *although seriously wounded in the shoulder by the black arrow – Jehanne's return to battle, convinced the English that she was supernatural.*

8 September 1429: The assault on Paris begins.

Jehanne d'Arc was *also* wounded when a bolt from a crossbow hits her in the thigh, near dusk: She refused to quit urging her soldiers to continue the attack. – Against her orders she was carried from the battlefield and the assault ended...



HERSELF DREW OUT THE ARROW. — Page 109.

*"I have been crucified with Christ."*  
Gal. 2:20



**CANTICLE TO OBTAIN THE CANONIZATION OF THE VENERABLE  
JEHANNE D'ARC**

*St.-Thérèse of Lisieux*

1. God of hosts, the whole Church  
Soon wishes to honour at the altar  
    A martyr, a virgin warrior,  
Whose sweet name resounds in Heaven.

Refrain 1  
 By Your Power  
 O King of Heaven  
 Give to Jehanne of France  
 The halo of the alter. [Repeat.]

2. A conqueror for guilty France.  
 No – That is not the object of her desire  
 Jehanne alone is capable of saving it.  
 All heroes weigh less than a martyr!

3. Lord, Jehanne is Your Splendid Work:  
 A heart of fire,<sup>4</sup> a warrior's soul  
 You gave them to a timid virgin  
 Whom You wished to crown with laurels.

4. In her humble meadow Jehanne heard  
 Voices from Heaven calling her into combat<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> During her trial, Jehanne confessed that the voice told her “twice or thrice a week” that she shouldst go to *Robert de Baudricourt*, Squire, *Captain* of the castle fortress of *Vaucouleurs*, Jehanne twice went to Baudricourt, in 1428, asking for armor, a horse, and an escort to Charles VII at Chinon: Twice he refused and rejected her, laughing her right out of his chamber.

Furthermore, Jehanne was wounded *twice* in battle. The first was when she was hit in the chest above her breast by an arrow...

After she expired, the English raked back the coals to expose her charred body so that no one could claim she had escaped alive, then burned the body twice more to reduce it to ashes and prevent any collection of relics. They cast her remains into the Seine.

The executioner, Geoffroy Therage, later stated that he “...greatly feared to be damned.”

A posthumous retrial opened after the war ended. Pope Callixtus III authorized this proceeding, also known as the “nullification trial,” at the request of Inquisitor-General Jean Brehal and Joan’s mother **Isabelle Romée**. Brehal conducted an investigation in 1452. A formal appeal followed in November 1455. Brehal drew up his final summary in June 1456, which describes Joan as a martyr and implicated the late Pierre Cauchon with heresy for having convicted an innocent woman in pursuit of a secular vendetta. The court declared her innocence on 7 July 1456.

<sup>5</sup> In the prologue, Thomas Daggett (Elias Koteas) is about to be ordained as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, but he is stricken by horrific visions of angels at war with each other. Daggett also quotes a spurious verse supposed to be from the writings of St. Paul: “Even now in heaven there are angels carrying savage weapons.”

For biblical passages featuring armed angels:

Num 22:23, 31 - And the ass saw the angel of the LORD standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field: and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way. Then the LORD opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the LORD standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face.

1 Chron 21:12, 16, 21, 30 - Either three years’ famine; or three months to be destroyed before thy foes, while that the sword of thine enemies overtake thee; or else three days the sword of the LORD, even the pestilence, in the land, and the angel of the LORD destroying throughout *all the coasts of Israel*. Now therefore advise thyself what word I shall bring again to him that sent me. And David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the LORD stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand

She left to save her country  
The sweet child commanded the army.

*Refrain 1*  
*By Your Power*  
*O King of Heaven*  
*Give to Jehanne of France*  
*The halo of the alter. [Repeat.]*

5. She won over the souls of proud warriors  
The Divine Luster of Heaven's messenger,  
Her pure gaze, her fiery words  
Were able to make bold brows give way...

6. By a prodigy unique in history,  
People then saw a trembling monarch  
Regain his crown and his glory  
By mean's of a child's weak arm.

7. It is not Jehanne's victories  
We wish to celebrate this day  
My God, we know her true glories  
Are her virtues, her love.

8. By fighting, Jehanne saved France.  
But her great virtues  
Had to be marked with the Seal of Suffering,  
With the Divine Seal of Jesus – her Spouse!

9. Sacrificing her life at the stake  
Jehanne heard the Voice of the Blessed.  
She left this exile for her homeland.  
The Saviour Angel re-ascending into Heaven...

10. Jehanne, you are our only hope.  
From high in Heaven, deign to hear our voices.  
Come down to us, come convert France.  
Come save her a second time.

stretched out over Jerusalem. Then David and the elders of Israel, who were clothed in sackcloth, fell upon their faces. And as David came to Ornan, Ornan looked and saw David, and went out of the threshing-floor, and bowed himself to David with his face to the ground. But David could not go before it to enquire of God: for he was afraid because of the sword of the angel of the LORD.

2 Chron 32:21 - And the LORD sent an angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valour, and the leaders and captains in the camp of the king of Assyria. So he returned with shame of face to his own land. And when he was come into the house of his god, they that came forth of his own bowels slew him there with the sword. &, Rev 2:12 - And to the angel of the church in Pergamos write: These things saith he which hath the sharp sword with two edges...

Refrain 2  
 By the power  
 Of the Victorious God...  
 Save – O Save France...  
 Angel... Liberator... [Repeat.]

11. Chasing the English out of all France,  
 Daughter of God, how beautiful are yine steps!  
 We remember *that* in the days of your childhood  
 You tended weak lambs...

Refrain 3  
 Take up the defense  
 Of the powerless  
 Preserve innocence  
 In the Souls of Children. [Repeat.]

12. Sweet martyr, our monasteries are yours.  
 You know well *that* virgins are your sisters  
 And like you – the object of their prayers  
 Is to see God “burning” in every heart.

Refrain 4  
 To save souls  
 Is their desire  
 Ah! – Give them your fire  
 Of apostle and martyr. [Repeat.]

13. Fear will be banished from every heart  
 When we shall see the Church crown...  
 The pure brow of Jehanne, our Saint,  
 And then we shall be able to sing:

Refrain 5  
 Our hope  
 Rests in you,  
 Saint Jehanne of France,  
 Pray, pray for us. [Repeat.]



“If any man loves Me, he will keep My Word and My Father will love him and  
 We will come to him and make Our Abode within him...  
 My Peace I give *freely* unto you ...  
 Abide in My love.”

St. John 14, 23, 27; 15:9

## To LIVE OF LOVE

*Poem of St. Thérèse of Lisieux*

The eve His [Mortal] Life of Love drew near its end,  
 Thus Jesus spoke: “Whoever loveth Me,  
 And keeps My word as Mine own faithful friend,  
 My Father, then and I his guests will be;  
 Within his heart will make Our dwelling above.  
 Our palace home, true type of heaven above.  
 There, filled with peace, We will that he shall rest,  
 With us, in love.”

Incarnate Word! Thou Word of God alone!  
 To live of love, ‘tis to abide with Thee.  
 Thou knowest I love Thee, Jesus Christ, *myne own!*  
 Thy Spirit’s fire of love enkindleth me.  
 By loving Thee, I draw the Father here  
 Down to my heart, to stay with me always.  
 Blest Trinity! Thou art my prisoner dear,  
 Of love, to-day.

To live of love, ‘tis by Thy life to live,  
 O glorious King, my chosen, sole Delight!  
 Hid in the Host, how often Thou dost give  
 Thyself to those who seek Thy radiant light.  
 Then hid shall be my life, unmarked, unknown,  
 That I may have Thee heart to heart with me;  
 For loving souls desire to be alone,  
 With love, and Thee!

To live of love, ‘tis not to fix one’s tent  
 On Tabor’s height and there with Thee remain.  
 ‘Tis to climb Calvary with strength nigh spent,  
 And count Thy heavy cross our truest gain.  
 In heaven, my life a life of joy shall be,  
 The heavy cross shall then be gone *for aye*.  
 Here upon earth, in suffering with Thee,  
 Love! Let me stay.

To live of love, 'tis without stint to give,  
 And never count the cost, nor ask reward;  
 So, counting not the cost, I long to live  
 And show my dauntless love for Thee, dear Lord!  
 O Heart Divine, o'erflowing with tenderness,  
 How swift I run, who all to Thee has given!  
 Naught but Thy love I need my life to bless.  
 That love is heaven!

To live of love, it is to know no fear;  
 No memory of past faults can I recall;  
 No imprint of my sins remaineth here;  
 The Fire of Love Divine effaces all.  
 O Sacred Flames! O Furnace of Delight!  
 I sing my safe sweet happiness to prove.  
 In these mild fires I dwell by day, by night.  
 I live of love!

To live of love, 'tis in my heart to guard  
 A mighty treasure in a fragile vase.  
 Weak, weak, am I, O well beloved Lord!  
 Nor have I yet an angel's perfect grace.  
 But, if I fall each hour that hurries by,  
 Thou com'st to me from *Thy bright home above*,  
 And, raising me, dost give me strength to cry:  
 I live of love!

To live of love it is to sail afar  
 And bring both peace and joy where'er I be.  
 O Pilot blest! Love is my guiding star;  
 In every soul I meet, Thyself I see.  
 Safe sail I on, through wind or rain or ice;  
 Love urges me, love conquers every gale.  
 High on my mast behold is my device:  
 "By love I sail!"

To live of love, it is when Jesus sleeps  
 To sleep near Him, though stormy waves beat nigh.  
 Deem not I shall awake Him! On these deeps  
 Peace reigns, like that the Blessed know on high.  
 To Hope, the voyage seems one little day;  
 Faith's Hand shall soon the Veil between remove;  
 'Tis Charity *that* swells my sail always.  
 I live of love!

To live of love, 0 Master dearest, best!  
 It is to beg Thee light Thy Holiest Fires  
 Within the Soul of each *anointed priest*,  
 Till he shall feel the Seraphim's desires;  
 It is to beg Thee guard Thy Church, 0 Christ!  
 For this I plead with Thee by night, by day;  
 And give myself, in sacrifice *unpriced*,  
 With love always!

*Church Triumphant – not Church Magnificent*

To live of love, it is to dry Thy Tears,  
 To seek for pardon for each sinful soul,  
 To strive to save all men from doubts and fears,  
 And bring them home to Thy benign control.  
 Comes to my ear sin's wild and blasphemous roar;  
 So, to efface each day, that burning shame,  
 I cry: "0 Jesus Christ! I Thee adore.  
 I love Thy Name!"

To live of love, 'tis Mary's part to share,  
 To bathe with tears and odorous perfume  
 Thy holy feet, to wipe them with my hair,  
 To kiss them; then still loftier lot assume,  
 To rise, and by Thy side to take my place,  
 And pour my ointments on Thy holy head.  
 But with no balsams I embalm Thy Face!  
 'Tis love, instead!

"To live of love, what foolishness she sings!"  
 So cries the world. "Renounce such idle joy!  
 Waste not thy perfumes on such trivial things.  
 In useful arts thy talents now employ!"  
 To love Thee, Jesus! Ah, this loss is gain;  
 For all my perfumes no reward seek I.  
 Quitting the world, I sing in death's sweet pain:  
 Of love I die!

To die of love, O martyrdom most blest!  
 For this I long, this is my Heart's Desire;  
 My exile ends; I soon will be at rest.  
 Ye Cherubim lend, lend to me your lyre!  
 O dart of Seraphim, O Flame of Love,  
 Consume me wholly; hear my ardent cry!  
 Jesu, make real my dream! – Come Holy Dove!  
 Of love I die!

To die of love, behold my life's long hope!

God is my one exceeding great reward.  
He of my wishes forms the end and scope;  
Him only do I seek; my dearest Lord.  
With passionate love for Him my heart is riven.  
O may He *quickly come!* He draweth nigh!  
Behold my destiny, behold my heaven,  
OF LOVE TO DIE.

25 February 1895





### THE LITANY OF SAINTE-JEHANNE D'ARC

*Composed by Louis, Bishop of Saint Dié*

Lord, *have mercy on us!*

Jesus Christ, *have mercy on us!*

Lord, *have mercy on us!*

Jesus Christ, *hear us!*

Jesus Christ, *graciously hear us!*

Our Heavenly Father, Who is God, *have mercy on us!*

Son, Savior of the world, Who is God, *have mercy on us!*

Holy Spirit, Who is God, *have mercy on us!*

Holy Trinity, Who is God, *have mercy on us!*

Holy Mary, virgin mother of God, *pray for us.*

Our Lady of the Assumption, principal patron of France, *pray for us.*

Saint Michael the Arch-Angel, patron and special protector of France, *pray for us.*

Sainte Catherine of Alexandria, virgin and martyr, *pray for us.*

Sainte Margaret of Antioch, virgin and martyr, *pray for us.*

Saint Gabriel, Demi-God and Angelic Messenger, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, chosen by God at Domrémy, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc informed [of her mission] by Saint Michael, the Arch-Angel and his angels, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, compliant to the call of God, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, confidant [in] and submissive to your voices, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, model of family life and labor, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, faithfully devoted to Our Lady, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, who delighted in the Holy Eucharist, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, model of generosity in the service to God, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, example of faithfulness to the Divine vocation, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, model of union with God in action, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, virgin and soldier, *pray for us..*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, model of courage and purity in the field [of battle], *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, compassionate towards all who suffer, *pray for us..*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, the pride of Orleans, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, glory of Reims, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, liberator of the Country, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, abandoned and imprisoned at Compiegne, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, pure and patient in your prison, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, heroic and valiant before your judges, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, alone with God at the hour of torment, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, martyr of Rouen, *pray for us.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc and Saint Therese of Lisieux patronesses of France, *pray for us.*

All the Saints of France, *intercede for us.*

Lamb of God, Who take away the sins of the world, *have mercy on us, Lord.*

Lamb of God, Who take away the sins of the world, *graciously hear us, Lord.*

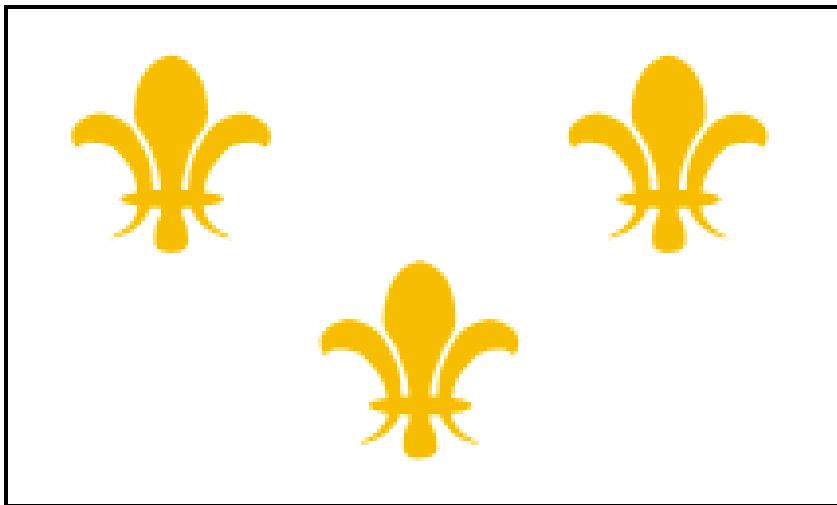
Lamb of God, Who take away the sins of the world, *have mercy on us, Lord.*

Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, pray for us, that we may become worthy of the promises of Our Savior Jesus Christ.

Let us pray.

Oh God, Who has raised up in an admirable manner, the virgin of Domrémy, Sainte Jehanne D'Arc, for the defense of the faith and [our] country. By her intercession, we ask Y<sup>e</sup> that the Church [may be] Triumphant against the assaults of her enemies and rejoice in lasting peace; through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen. Amon m'n



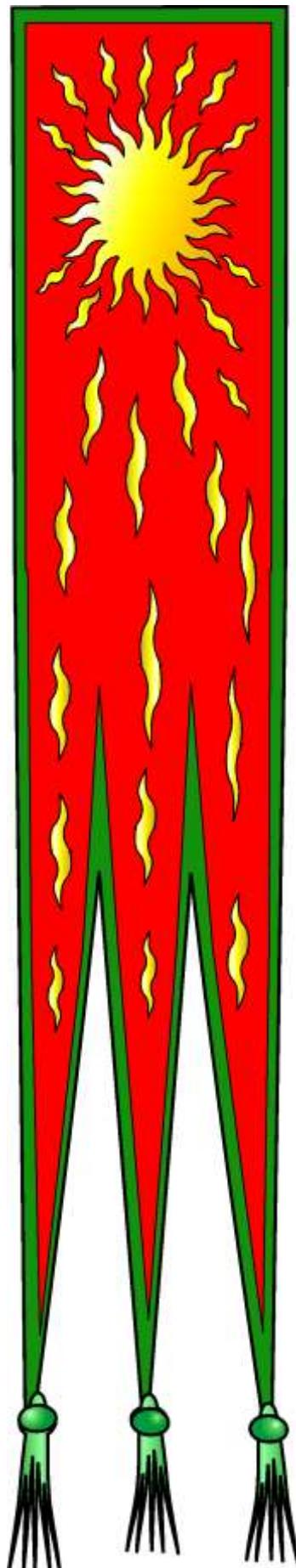


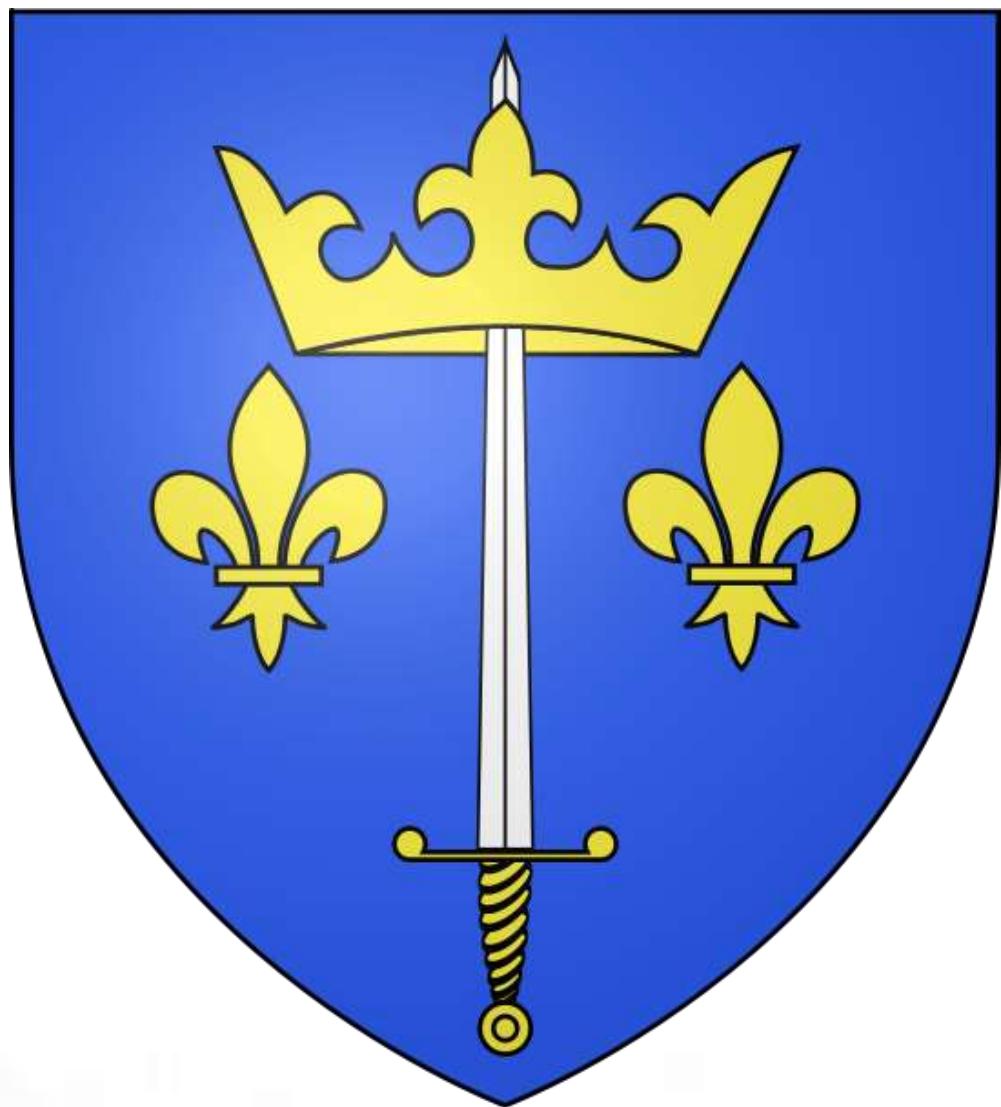
Prior to the French Revolution, there was no national flag which represented France. A variety of flags were used by troops, different types of ships and for other purposes. In the fifteenth century, the fleur-de-lis on the white flag of Jehanne d'Arc became the new royal standard replacing both the symbol of royalty and the Oriflamme on the battle field.

From 1590-1790 this flag is one of four that was used on warships and fortresses. The plain white flag, known as the Bourbon Banner, and this white flag with three golden fleurs-de-lis, a white flag with many fleurs-de-lis, or a white flag with many fleurs-de-lis with the arms of France in the center. The simpler designs such as this were used in ordinary circumstances and it is believed that the white flag of France flew over all or most of the French forts and settlements in America.

“Dark-minded man!”  
 The Maid of Orleans answered, “to act well  
     Brings with itself an ample recompense.  
     I have not reared the oriflamme of death –  
     Now God forbid! The banner of the Lord  
     Is this; and, come what will, me it behooves,  
         Mindful of Him whose minister I am,  
         To spare the fallen foe: that gracious God  
             Sends me a messenger of mercy forth,  
             Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France,  
             To England friendly as to all the world;  
             Only to those an enemy, whose lust  
             Of sway makes them the enemies of man.”

Robert Southey, *Joan of Arc. Book VIII*





Philippe



ECCE REX TUS VENIT TIBI MANSUETUS

# AlBargaretha





### *Ste.-Margaret of Antioch*

July 20<sup>th</sup>

O Loving Lord,

Ste.-Margaret was daughter of Theodosius, a pagan priest, patriarch and prince of the idols of paynims at Antioch, in Pisidia,

And she was delivered to a nurse for to be kept with the other maidens. And when she came to perfect age she was baptized, *wherefore she was in great hate of her father.*

Converted to Christianity (by her nurse-maid) calling she her name, Marina.

Driven from home by her father, she became a shepherdess...

On a certain day, while she was fifteen, she was engaged in watching the flocks of her nurse, a lustful Roman prefect named Olybrius caught sight of her, and attracted by her great beauty sought to make her his concubine or wife.

He burned in her love, and sent his servants and bade them take her and bring her to him.  
For if she be free I shall take her to my wife, and if she be bond, I shall make her my concubine.

But she spurned the advances of Olybrius, the infatuated prefect, to preserve her virginity eternally for Christ.

Jealous of God, Olybrius charged her with being a Christian,  
Roman authorities persecuted her, having her tortured, and then imprisoned;  
And, whilst she was in prison she had an encounter with the devil in the form of a dragon<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> Her escape from his false beliefs was depicted in a story of being swallowed by a dragon representing paganism, and then escaping from its belly as if being born anew. Because of this tale, she has become the patron saint of pregnancy, labor, and childbirth, so I ask her to pray for every expectant mother I know, especially those who are having difficult pregnancies or who have been unable to conceive. Touch their wombs, dear Lord, and give them easy deliveries and healthy children. Protect the lives of babies who might be aborted. Saint Margaret, pray for us. Amen *Amon m'n*

The Worm swallowed her, but the cross she carried in her hand so irritated his throat *that* he was forced to disgorge her: (*She is patroness of childbirth*).

Threatened with death unless she renounced the Christian faith, the holy virgin refused to adore the gods of the empire;  
 Attempts were made to execute her by fire, but the flames left her unhurt.  
 She was then bound hand and foot with a ball and chain and thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, but at her prayer her bonds were broken and she stood up uninjured.  
 She was miraculously saved! – And converted thousands of spectators witnessing her ordeal – all *of whom* were promptly executed.

Finally, she was beheaded by Emperor Diocletian.: That she existed and was martyred are true...

*She was buried at Antioch, but her remains were taken later to Italy where they were divided between shrines in Montefiascone and Venice. She prayed at her death that women in childbirth would, upon calling on her, be safely delivered of the child as she had been delivered from the belly of the dragon. She is the patron saint of pregnant women, nurses, peasants, and sterility. She also intercedes for those who call on her from their deathbed.*

*She is one of the Fourteen Helpers...*









### *Ste.-Katherine of Alexandria*

The popular legend of Catherine of Alexandria is that as a young noblewoman, Catherine had vowed to remain pure and virginal and devote herself to study and Christian philosophy. She was said to have been an intelligent and philosophical woman. At the age of 18, the tradition holds that she went to Emperor Maxentius, to rebuke him for his cruel persecution of Christians. Since he could not respond to her arguments, he gathered 50 sages to dispute with her. However, Catherine's wisdom converted them and when they conceded that she won the debate, they were killed.

According to tradition, Catherine was imprisoned and converted all of her visitors to Christianity, even converting the emperor's wife. It is said that after she converted another high official and her prison guards, Catherine was sentenced to death. She was sentenced to be killed on an instrument of torture called a "spiked wheel" or "breaking wheel." However the wheel broke at her touch and so she was beheaded instead. In the Middle Ages, many priests preached on the merits of Catherine's wisdom and defense of her faith, as well as her eloquent manner of converting pagans.

### *A Prayer to St. Catherine of Alexandria*

Glorious St. Catherine,  
Virgin and martyr, help me to imitate your love of purity.

Give me strength and courage in fighting off the temptations of the world and evil desires.

Help me to love God with my whole heart and serve Him faithfully.

O St. Catherine, through your glorious martyrdom for the love of Christ,  
help me to be loyal to my faith and my God as long as I live.

Amen. *Amon m'n*

The French say that before a girl reaches 25, she prays: “Donnez-moi, Seigneur, un mari de bon lieu! Qu'il soit doux, opulent, libéral et agréable!” (Lord, give me a well-situated husband. Let him be gentle, rich, generous, and pleasant!”) After 25, she prays: “Seigneur, un qui soit supportable, ou qui, parmi le monde, au moins puisse passer!” (Lord, one who's bearable, or who can at least pass as bearable in the world!) And when she's pushing 30: “Un tel qu'il te plaira Seigneur, je m'en contente!” (“Send whatever you want, Lord; I'll take it!”).

An English version goes...:

St Catherine, St Catherine, O lend me thine aid  
And grant that I never may die an old maid.

And there is this, a fervent French prayer:

Sainte Catherine, soyez bonne  
Nous n'avons plus d'espoir qu'en vous  
Vous êtes notre patronne  
Ayez pitié de nous  
Nous vous implorons à genoux  
Aidez-nous à nous marier  
Pitié, donnez-nous un époux  
Car nous brûlons d'amour  
Daignez écouter la prière  
De nos coeurs fortement épris  
O Vous qui êtes notre mère  
Donnez-nous un mari

Saint Catherine be good  
*We* have NO HOPE but you  
You are our protector  
Have pity on *us*  
*We* implore you on our knees  
Help *us* to get married  
For pity's sake – Give *us* a husband  
For we are burning with love  
Deign to hear our prayer  
Which comes from our over-burdened  
hearts  
O You who are our mother...  
Give us a husband

This is summed up more quickly in this, an English prayer:

A husband, St. Catherine  
A handsome one, St. Catherine  
A rich one, St. Catherine  
A nice one, St. Catherine  
And soon, St. Catherine







"I want to offer my neck to the sword of the executioner and, like Jeanne d'Arc, murmur the name of Jesus at the stake."

### PRAYER OF SAINTE THÉRÈSE PATRONESS OF FRANCE

(Since, with Saint Joan of Arc, Saint Therese of the Child Jesus is proclaimed as patroness of France the following prayer was addressed to her.)

Powerful patron of France, asked by the Immaculate Virgin, Queen of France, to save her privileged nation, return to us with Saint Martin of Tours, Saint Louis, King of France, with Saint Geneviéve, *the* patroness of Paris, and Saint Jeanne d'Arc, to drive the Spirit of Darkness from the Kingdom. [For] We do not want Satan the adversary, the spirit of revolt and unbelief, to rule over us. But we want the Prince of Peace to rule over us, Jesus our only Master and well beloved Savior.

Amen. *Amon m'n*





## A LITANY OF SAINT THÉRÈSE

Lord, have mercy on us. *Christ, have mercy on us.*

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us. *Christ, graciously hear us.*

God the Father of Heaven, *have mercy on us.*

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, *have mercy on us.*

God the Holy Spirit, *have mercy on us.*

Holy Trinity, One God, *have mercy on us.*

Holy Mary, *pray for us.*

Our Lady of Victory, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, servant of God, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, victim of the merciful love of God, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, spouse of Jesus, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, gift of Heaven, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, remarkable in childhood, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, an example of obedience, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, lover of the will of God, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, lover of peace, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, lover of patience, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, lover of gentleness, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, heroic in sacrifice, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, generous in forgiving, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, benefactress of the needy, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, lover of Jesus, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, devoted to the Holy Face, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, consumed with divine love of God, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, advocate of extreme cases, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, persevering in prayer, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, a powerful advocate with God, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, showering roses, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, doing good upon earth, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, answering all prayers, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, lover of holy chastity, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, lover of voluntary poverty, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, lover of obedience, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, burning with zeal for God's glory, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, inflamed with the Spirit of Love, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, child of benediction, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, perfect in simplicity, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, so remarkable for trust in God, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, gifted with unusual intelligence, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, never invoked without some answer, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, teaching us the sure way, *pray for us.*

Saint Therese, victim of Divine Love, *pray for us.*

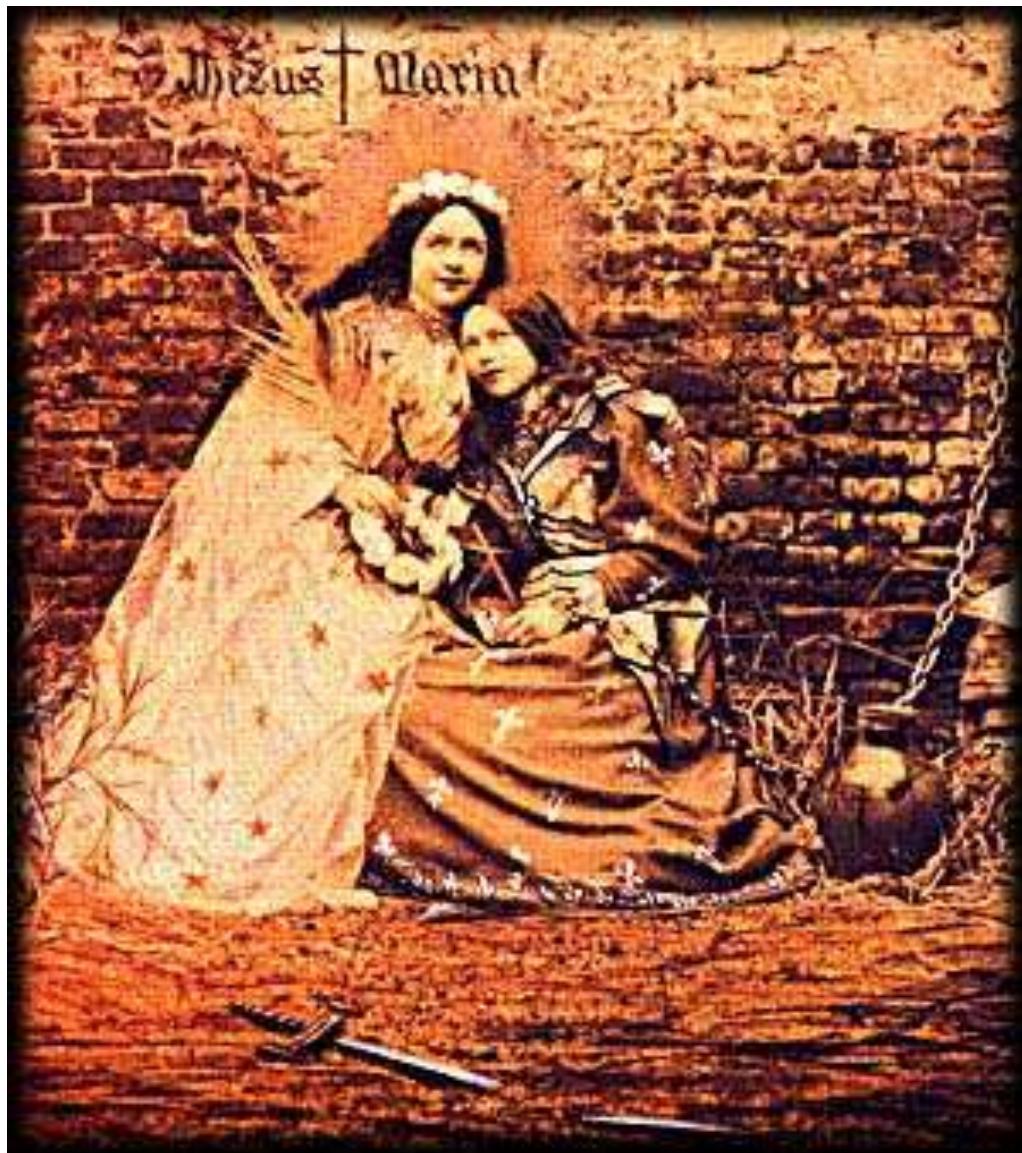
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world... *Spare us, O Lord.*  
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world... *Graciously hear us, O Lord.*  
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world... *Have mercy on us.*

V. Saint Therese, the little Flower of Jesus,  
R. *Pray for us.*

Let us Pray:

O God, Who inflamed with Thy Spirit of Love the soul of Thy servant  
Therese of the Child Jesus, grant that we may also love Thee and may  
make Thee much loved.

R. *Amen.*



## Another LITANY OF SAINT THÉRÈSE

*When the litany of Ste-Thérèse is prayed in a private setting by two or more people, the lines given in italics below are the responses to a leader.*

Lord, have mercy on us.  
*Christ, have mercy on us.*

Lord, have mercy on us, *Christ, hear us,*  
*Christ, graciously hear us.*

God, the Father of heaven, *Have mercy on us.*  
 God, the Son, Redeemer of the world, *Have mercy on us.*  
 God, the Holy Spirit, *Have mercy on us.*

Holy Mary, Mother of God, *Pray for us.*

St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse of the Holy Face, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, child of Mary, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, devoted to Joseph, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, angel of innocence, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, model child, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, pattern of religious *faith*, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, *petite fleur blanc* of Carmel, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, converter of hardened hearts, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, healer of the diseased, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, filled with love for the Blessed Sacrament, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, filled with angelic fervor, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, filled with an apostle's zeal, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, filled with loyalty to the Holy Father, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, filled with a tender love for the Church, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse filled with extraordinary love for God and neighbor, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, wounded with a Heavenly Flame, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, victim of Divine Love, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, patient in sufferings, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, eager for humiliations, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, consumed with love, *Pray for us.*  
 St. Thérèse, rapt in ecstasy, *Pray for us.*

Who desired always to be as a little child, *Pray for us.*  
 Who taught the way of spiritual childhood, *Pray for us.*  
 Who gave perfect example of trust in God, *Pray for us.*

Whom Jesus filled with a desire for suffering, *Pray for us.*

Who found perfection in the little things, *Pray for us.*

Who refused God nothing, *Pray for us.*

Who sought bitterness in this life, *Pray for us.*

Who told us to call you little Thérèse, *Pray for us.*

Who offered her life to God for priests and missionaries, *Pray for us.*

Who gained countless souls for Christ, *Pray for us.*

Who promised, after her death, a shower of roses, *Pray for us.*

Who foretold: "I will spend my heaven doing good upon earth," *Pray for us.*

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, *Spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, *Graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, *Have mercy on us.*

V. Pray for us, St. Thérèse.

R. *That we may be made worthy of the Promises of Christ.*

LET US PRAY

0 Lord, Who *has* Said:

**"Unless you become as little children,  
ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;"**

Grant us, we ask You,  
So to follow in humility  
And simplicity of heart  
The footsteps of Ste-Thérèse, Ever-Virgin...  
So that we may obtain everlasting rewards.  
*Who lives and reigns forever.*

Amen. *Amon m'n*





